TEN
MODERN AMERICANS

by

ALICE CECILIA COOPER
CHARLES A PALMER

1961
S. CHAND & CO.
DELHI—JULLUNDUR—LUCKNOW

TO YOU WHO READ THIS BOOK

Have you ever realized that the word "success" has no exact definition? Is the accumulation of wealth success? No, for Jane Addams, one of the most successful women who ever lived, spent, rather than made money in her work. Is it Fame? No, for the great name of Doctor George Washington Carver is unknown to millions who can recall Wrong-Way Corrigan. Is it Power? Again no, for any minor *Gestapo* agent has had more power than was ever possessed by Will Rogers. Yet if we are to achieve success, we must at least find out what it is.

Perhaps we make a mistake in trying to gauge success objectively—that is, by viewing it "from the outside looking in," in terms of dollars, or votes, or position, or prizes, or public acclaim. We see that a person is rich or famous or powerful, and we jump to the conclusion that he is successful Such a judgment is pure guesswork, for the only competent judge of a particular success is the person who possesses it. The richest and most powerful industrialist would be unsuccessful in his own estimation if he regretted his failure to become, instead, a concert violinist.

Success is the most individual, most personal thing in the world. Through the biographies in this book, we hope you will come to view it subjectively —that is, "from the inside looking out." And we hope that you will begin to set up your own *personal definition of success*, *to envision* the goal which, when achieved, will give you—*you*—the particular sort of happiness and satisfaction you are seeking in life. In the way of raw material, this book offers for your consideration, and we hope for

S. CHAND & CO.
Asaf Ali Road — NEW DELHI
Fountain — DELHI
Mai Hiran Gate — JULLUNDUR CITY
Lal Bagh — LUCKNOW

Published by : Shyam Lal Gupta, Proprietor, S. Chand & Co
Fountain, Delhi and *Printed at* : Super Press, New Delhi

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your action, a cross-section of present-day American success.

In these pages, ten modern American men and women will live their lives for you. Some are adventurous, some romantic, all are vital and interesting because they are true, and of today. Facing the same conditions that you face, they have *achieved ten different kinds of success*, in ten different vocations, along ten different life paths, as motivated by ten different characters. In writing their stories, we have tried to highlight for you the traits of characters which made possible *their varying successes* We have tried briefly to describe their several vocations, to show you what it means to be a lawyer, a doctor, a scientist, a a musician, or a journalist

But most of all, we have wanted to show you by demonstration that there is nothing mysterious about success These people *are* people, just that They are people like you, with the same bodies and minds and hearts, the same likes, dislikes, problems, and petty personal concerns. What they have done, you, in your fashion, can do also

Some of the happy endings in the book come about through surprise twists worthy of fiction; others result from unique combinations of unusual *incidents*; still others reward dogged courage and lifelong perseverance Each of these human tales is highly individual, and in that individuality lies their strong appeal. You will, as you read, discover the facts which lie behind the deeds. You will walk under *coral seas, fly over polar ice fields, make* movies of gorillas and pygmies, win championships at Wimbledon, govern nations, run newspapers, fight battles, build power lines, bring light into the lives of immigrants. Millions will obey your commands; millions will rock with laughter at your *wit, or cry*

with the magic of your music. And in every story you will find a true success, won not by despoiling others, but by bringing something new into the world.

Different as they are, these stories do possess a common thread It is this All of these people knew what they wanted A traveler who sets out upon a road with no destination in mind is foolish indeed. A person who travels through life without having decided where he wants to go is just as foolish, and just as apt to finish nowhere, doing himself and others no good The sooner you set up your goal, the surer you are to attain it.

So, as you read, try to indentify yourself with the successful men and women in these stories Whose character, whose abilities and bents, are most like yours? Whose way of life, whose accomplishments, seem most nearly those which would give you the satisfaction and tranquility which to you spells success? This book can do no more than start you thinking about what you want to do with your life. If it does that, and nothing more, it will have justified itself.

CONTENTS



A MAN AND A MOUSE

Perhaps because he lives in a fantastic worl
where pigs can talk and rocks can walk, Walt D
has come to believe that nothing is impossible.

Two writers were recently talking up a *story* for Mickey Mouse over on the Disney lot. "Here's a gag," said one of them. "Look, Mickey climbs up a ladder He comes to the top of the ladder, and what does he do ? *He keeps right on going* !"

"Not silly enough," scoffed his partner. "Walt's been doing that in real life for years "

In fact, Walt improves on the gag. He pulls the ladder up after him and does the trick all over again ! Four times in his life he has reached the top rung on the ladder of success, famous, prosperous, he was entitled to sit back and stop trying. But each time he has had some cosmic new idea to try, and has jumped from that safe top rung off into the blue, gambling everything he had earned. Hollywood howls calamity, and prophesies that this time Walt will fall But he always manages at the last moment to sink his skyhooks into the clouds and pull the ladder up after him—ready to take off again

Walt has that invaluable possession, so rare that you sometimes think it doesn't exist—the truly original mind. It is a mind without a fence around it, which invents rather than improves. He is also blessed with objectivity, a long word which means that he can criticize his own ideas as relentlessly, and accept criticism on them as impersonally, as though they were someone else's Add a fund of bubbling enthusiasm, a boundless faith, courage, a sound craftsmanship in his art, and you get laughter in a thousand languages.

The words "pretty good" are high praise from Walt His "fair" equals a "terrific" from any other Hollywood mogul But in a story conference when the boys turn to him for a verdict, or when the lights go up after a showing in a studio projection room, his most typical phrase is, "We can do better."

There is even a rumour that when an associate presented his new bride and asked proudly, "What do you think of her ?" Walt said absently—"You could do better." Of course the story is baseless, but the phrase itself holds the secret of Walt's amazing success. He has the true artist's desire for perfection. Everything he does must be better than what has gone before. "We can do better."

Walt Disney and animated cartoons grew up together Actually, cartoons are older than motion pictures themselves, but they were slower to develop When Walt was a youngster, animated cartoons were hardly more than a series of black-and-white lantern slides , that is, one motionless picture after another shown no faster than an operator could slip the individual frames in and out of a projector. Motion, sound and colour were all in the dream stage

Cartoons developed from those crude lantern slides, first into jerky, flickering motion pictures in black and white, then to the colourful, rhythmic, musical films we see today The Disney organisation developed from a staff of one—Walt—working evenings in a ramshackle workshop over a garage, into a glistening three-million dollar studio with more than a thousand employees. That seems like two stories, but it is only one the story of Walt Disney and his quest for "something better."

Unlike many Hollywood celebrities, Walt still uses the name given to him at birth. He was born in 1901 in Chicago, where his father had been a contractor and builder for nearly twenty years But by the time Walt was six and beginning to notice things, the family had moved to a farm in Missouri.

Walt's familiarity with animals grew out of sincere fondness for them He made pets out of everything that ran around in the barnyard—dogs

and cats, chickens, ducks, sheep, horses, and cows. Each of the three brothers and the sister had a favourite horse, cow, or duck Walt's prized pet was an old red rooster, but his interest in animals went much farther than the barnyard. He scampered over the fields chasing rabbits, scaring up mice, and watching ants build their sandy hills. An active, keen-eyed youngster, the things he saw stayed fresh in his memory Today when he glances over the shoulder of a studio animator and suggests, "Let's get a better waddle on those geese," he knows what he is talking about.

Walt's interest in drawing goes back as far as he can remember A favourite aunt encouraged him by giving him pencils and paper with which to sketch anything that interested him. He copied the sparrows as they fluttered down to steal the grain which had been tossed into the barnyard for the chickens and ducks. He watched the calves and colts running in the fields, and tried to capture on paper their jolting, scampering motions. None of his brothers nor his sister showed any interest in drawing, but Walt thought it was fun.

All children draw or colour, but few of them take the vital step towards becoming an artist. Walt did. He observed He didn't just draw ; he drew things.

It was a big day for Walt when a retired doctor who lived nearby gave him his first commission. The doctor had a horse of which he wanted a picture.

"I must have been about seven," Walt remembers. "The doctor seriously and patiently held the horse while I set to work with a home-made easel and materials The result was pretty terrible, but the doctor and his wife both praised it so much I was tickled pink." From time to time after that the doctor would "buy" Walt's drawings with sacks of candy and home-made whistles.

The days in the country were short, however. The farm, due somewhat to the family's habit of making pets out of all the livestock, lost money. When Walt was nine, his parents moved to Kansas City. At Benton Grammar School Walt kept up his drawing along with the regular studies The *attempt at farming had cost the family a great deal* of money , so Walt tackled a paper route Between school and work he didn't have much time left for play. He had to climb out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, make his morning deliveries, get back home for breakfast, and race to get to school on time. Rising so early on winter mornings often meant that he would have to break his path through freshly-fallen snow.

"On a good many of those bitter cold mornings," Walt says, "I used to sneak a nap in a warm apartment house hallway I'd be late when I woke up and would have to hurry like blazes to get to school on time" In the afternoon there was the paper route to cover again He kept up this hard routine for six years

Nevertheless, he still found time to take part in school plays and to work out with the track team His interest in dramatics began to develop along with his drawing, and he really wasn't bad as an actor. In fact, he won several amateur night prizes with an imitation of his screen idol, Charlie Chaplin. "Even today," warns one of his friends, "he will attempt sleight-of-hand tricks unless watched carefully."

At McKinley High School, in Chicago, Walt had his introduction to photography When he wasn't making sketches for the school paper, he was shooting his own crude motion pictures with an o' camera he had managed to buy, and stud cartooning at the Academy of Fine Arts night sc

under a number of the Chicago Herald newspaper staff.

See how it all ties in. Drawing, drama and photography—the three elements of the animated cartoon—were hobbies then, but soon they were fused together in the building of a new art.

In 1917 Walt left school for a job as "news butcher" on a train running between Kansas City and Chicago After that came a few months in the Postal Service One of his brothers is still a mail-carrier, having sturdily resisted all Walt's efforts to get him to join the Disney organisation. In fact, the brother still thinks that Walt was foolish to quit a sure thing for the movies, and once in a while when Walt finds himself in a dangerous position, he is inclined to agree.

The summer of 1918 brought the first World War home to the United States with a jolt. Walt tried to enlist in the army, but he was rejected because of his youth. He made a nuisance of himself, even resorting to adult make-up, until the American Red Cross finally accepted him as an ambulance driver His first official act in France was to plaster his ambulance inside and out with cartoons. There was no need of any stock camouflage for that vehicle, and the interior decorations cheered the painful ride of many a wounded soldier.

Although only eighteen when the war ended, Walt had no desire to return to school. Two ambitions tugged at him art and dramatics. Art seemed the easier to break into. Besides, his natural tendency to reduce everything he saw into a cartoon had by now grown from a hobby into an obsession.

When an advertising firm in Kansas City offered him a job, he accepted without any question of pay, and set to work drawing such prosaic items as salt blocks, farm implements, and egg-laying mash for

the farm journals. Uninspiring as the work was, the humdrum experience had definite value. A cartoonist must first learn the proper proportion and exact contour of objects before he can exaggerate certain parts to make a convincingly funny figure. "I drew tractors as they appear in the field," says Walt, "long before I made one rear back on its back wheels, wrinkle its radiator, and whinny like a horse."

The job ended when the Christmas rush was over. It hadn't been much of a job, as jobs go—only fifty dollars a month and for only two months—but it was probably the most important one Walt ever held. It was "first blood," and it proved that he could earn a living with his pencil What had been a hobby was now a livelihood.

A newspaper gave him desk space in return for making some advertising drawings Another young artist, with the unbelievable name of Ubbe Iwwerks, was also employed in the shop, and he and Walt formed a partnership Walt was the salesman and artist. Ubbe did the lettering and took care of the office. They did surprisingly well in a small way, but they still scanned the want-ads, and when a Kansas City firm which made advertising slides needed a cartoonist, Walt answered the ad and got the job.

That is, he *thought* he had *merely* got a job. Actually, he had raised his fabulous ladder and propped it against its first cloud. "It was at the slide company," says Walt, looking backward, "that I got my start in the animated cartoon game. In two months my partner was working there with me. We made animated advertising films, and my boss let me take home an old camera that was lying around. I rigged up a studio in a garage and experimenting in my spare time." The garage,

the way, was overrun with mice—but more of that later.

Animated cartoons were not new. In fact, they were almost a hundred years old, and had flourished long before photography was invented. They go back to Peter Mark Roget, who in 1826 discovered the "persistence of vision," that is, the fact that an image stays, or persists, in the eye for an instant after the actual object or drawing has been removed from view A motion picture is just a series of progressively-changing images which succeed each other so rapidly that the eye blends them together into the illusion of actual motion The closer the similarity of the images, and the more rapidly they are presented, the smoother the motion seems to be.

The really first animated cartoon was the Phenakistoscope, made in France as early as 1831. It was a series of fourteen drawings, each a little different from the one before (the leg raised a little higher, for example, if the subject were supposed to be running), all mounted on a disk which was whirled rapidly before the observer's eye In 1877 Emile Reynaud projected a thirty-foot "film" of blended drawings on a screen. A few years later, the Eastman celluloid film was announced, Edison demonstrated his motion picture apparatus, and the movie industry as we know it today was on its way.

Walt didn't even invent the modern animated film cartoon, for cartoons were common and popular in theatres when he came on the scene. What he did do was take a crude product, and, through years of searching and working for "something better," raise it to a peak of artistry and technical perfection. The typical cartoon of the early Twenties consisted mostly of "live-action"—*The Artist's Dream* and *Out of the Inkwell* type of sketch. The film would show a living artist at work at his easel

or drawing board, he would fall asleep, and in his dream the tiny characters would jump out of his drawing and cavort in some simple bit of funny action until he stretched and woke up. Of course the films were silent, and the dialogue often appeared in the conventional comic-strip "balloon."

Walt christened his garage studio and rattletrap camera with a short reel of local happenings, which he sold to a Kansas City theatre owner—the first Disney Production. Then the first Disney idea began to blossom in his brain. He wanted to do a *cartoon which would be all cartoon, with no human* actors whatever, and which would tell a real story rather than just picture a gag.

The enormous number of detail drawings was too much for Walt to handle alone, especially as he had to keep on with his daytime job at the slide company, so he gathered his first "staff." Several hopeful young cartoonists who had caught his enthusiasm spent their evenings working with him in the garage. There was no money for salaries, no assurance of selling their product The whole scheme was based on enthusiasm and hope

It took six months for Walt and his few helpers to complete their first short, *Little Red Riding Hood.* Before it was finished, Walt started another. Whether or not anybody wanted to buy, he was determined to make them And they were getting better all the time, for almost every evening's work brought out some small technical improvement, "something better."

After long anxious weeks of waiting, Walt finally heard from a New York motion picture company to which the first print had been submitted *Little Red Riding Hood* was a success The company liked it. They would buy it. Could he make any more? Could he! The next one was practically finish-

A contract calling for six more of this same series was signed, and it looked like happy days for Walt and "the gang."

On the strength of the contract, Walt formed a corporation, borrowed $15,000, and set up shop to produce his modernized fairy tales in a big way. This sudden success seemed a sort of fairy tale in itself. There was no actual money yet, but it was coming ; plenty of it, he thought.

Then, just as suddenly as the bubble had formed, it burst. The last of the seven *Little Red Riding Hood* shorts was "in the can" and ready to be shipped to New York when word came that the buyer had gone bankrupt! The only thing Walt could salvage out of the whole deal was that last film which had not yet left Kansas City. But in the movie business a "flop" injures everybody connected with it, regardless of fault, and no one else in New York showed any interest in his animated cartoons. Soon the money that had been borrowed was gone. Nothing remained but debts and discouragement.

Walt's brother Roy was working in California at that time. Still clinging stubbornly to the idea that better cartoons could be made and that he could make them, Walt decided that Hollywood was the best place to give them their next chance. Wearing his one and only suit of clothes, and with just forty dollars crammed into the only pocket without a hole in it, Walt started out for Hollywood. His scuffed suitcase was crammed full of sketches and his one other article of clothing, an old sweater. At least he could visit Roy

That was in August of 1923 The movie industry was rapidly elbowing the orange groves out of the peaceful Hollywood hills, but cartoons were still just something to be tagged on to the end of a news-

reel or spliced into an advertisement. Always, as in the case of *The Artist's Dream*, there had to be a human actor or two in the film to provide an acceptable reason for the cartoon. Nobody except Walt could imagine a whole story being told in cartoon form alone.

Rather forlornly, Walt sent his remaining *Little Red Riding Hood* cartoon back to New York. He tried to sell the picture in Hollywood first, but all the companies were too busy to be interested in what looked like a sideline. "Try the New York offices," they told him. Actually the suggestion was merely a means of getting rid of the shabby and persistent young man, and Walt knew it. But what else could he do?

To the surprise of everyone, including Walt, that picture got results. An independent picture distributor in New York saw the film, liked it, and wired Walt for more. The stroke of luck caught Walt totally unprepared. He had a market again, but now how was he going to make any more pictures? He needed money, materials, and working space.

It was impossible to interest anyone in Hollywood in the project. Roy Disney had two hundred and fifty dollars to invest An Uncle Robert finally agreed to put up five hundred more. That sum was not nearly enough, but with it and a great deal of enthusiasm, Walt started all over again. Roy caught the fever, quit his job and pitched in. The association of Walt, the artist, and Roy, the businessman, was so successful that it still stands. Roy today handles the enormously complex business end of the Disney Productions

For this first Hollywood effort, the two young men rented the back room of a real-estate office, bought an ancient second-hand camera, and up a studio out of old boxes and tables Walt

Roy how to handle the camera, and went to work himself on the sketches.

For one man to make the 9,000 separate sketches then required for even an eight-minute short would have taken months Walt and Roy couldn't afford to wait that long for a finished product On the other hand, they couldn't afford to hire a staff large enough to turn out the sketches rapidly. It was a problem

They made a compromise between time and money by hiring two young women to fill in the details of the drawings, following patterns which Walt set up for them Even to finance this small "staff," Walt and Roy had to live together in a small room, cook their own meals, wash their own clothes, and scrimp on every personal expense Incidentally, one of these first two helpers, an Idaho girl named Lillian Bounds, is still with the organisation in a way, though under a different name She is now Mrs. Walt Disney.

The *Alice Comedies* were the first output of this tiny, financially lean company. Still following the rule that a cartoon had to be made probable by the appearance of a human actor, these pictures showed a real girl romping in the forest and making friends with the cartooned fairies and tiny animals she found there. They were delightful, fantastic stories, sparkling even then with the touch of witty caricature with which Walt Disney still enlivens everything he produces.

Six *Alice Comedies*, although moderately successful, still failed to bring much relief to the little group of people producing them Each film brought in just enough money to finance the next one "There was a long time there," Walt recalls, "when Roy and I used to go out to a cafeteria now and then as a sort of treat. Roy would get a meat order; I'd get

a vegetable order, then we'd split them at the table."

The memory of the cafeteria days is reflected in the new studio today There are several coffee shops and restaurants on the lot, but no cafeteria

Meanwhile, money or no money, Walt was overflowing with ideas. Cartoons were still an inexpensive filler for most theatres Walt was determined to make them important in their own right. He was constantly trying out faster, better ways to produce the thousands of individual pictures which went into a single short subject. For instance, if he wanted to show a deer jumping over a fallen log, he would run up three master sketches The first would show the deer at the start of the jump, front legs off the ground, ears pointed up for the leap In the second sketch the deer would be shown halfway over legs spread, ears pinned back, body floating through space The third picture would then show the deer landing, his legs buckled, just touching the ground Now, to make that simple bit of action appear smooth and graceful on motion picture film required nearly two hundred separate sketches, each in a slightly different stage of the jump. Walt, having shown the high points of the action in his three master sketches, would then hand the work over to a helper who would draw the "in-between" or "fill-in" sketches This freed Walt for the important work which no one else could do. The great trouble was that Walt was always three or four stories ahead of his "in-betweeners."

Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit was the next series after the *Alice Comedies* The awkward necessity of having human actors in the cartoons was slowly being overcome. Walt was now using as many as 12,000 sketches in one short film and looking forward to the time when sketches alone would make up the

entire picture. *Oswald* was his first animal character, and it began to hit

When a little money began coming in, Walt's first act was to send for Ubbe Iwwerks and the several other artists who had helped him with his first project back in Kansas City. He had promised to send for them if he made good in Hollywood, but no one expected that he would succeed, or that he would remember them if he did. They didn't know Walt. His record of loyalty is as long as his string of successes

The studio began to spread out from the back room of the real-estate office and into any building or shack within reach The profits of those first few years were not large, but, whatever they amounted they all went right back into the business (They still do) The old camera was replaced with the best that could be found More artists were hired. The nagging debts which Walt had left behind in Missouri were paid off

Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit pleased millions of movie-goers, children and grown-ups alike. It was a comfortable, steady business—the top rung of the ladder. But Walt wasn't looking for comfort and steady work! He was full of new ideas, plans, experiments. The trouble with the cartoon business, Walt insisted, was self-satisfaction. That was why cartoons struggled along in back-room studios while live-action motion pictures had boomed into big business. Whenever most cartoonists reached a point where their product was accepted as pretty good, they stopped trying. Walt wanted "something better."

In 1925 he and his wife went to New York to persuade the *Oswald* distributor to advance the necessary money to carry out Walt's new plans. It was a heart-breaking trip. The New York company,

instead of listening to what the young man had in mind, flatly refused to spend any money on experiments. The *Oswald* films were selling well, they reasoned, and people liked them—why make changes? And further more, if the young man objected to the way things were working out, they would get someone else to draw *Oswald* for them!

"O.K." replied Walt, stepping off the ladder up into the blue, "Go ahead!"

Again the high hopes and exciting plans had to be shelved This was a terrific price to pay for one's faith in an idea, but Walt paid it, and his faith paid him back over and over

On the train returning to Hollywood, Walt and his wife sadly reviewed the whole situation. What were they going to do now?

First of all, with *Oswald* gone, they needed a new character. Dogs, rabbits, and cows had all been used. What they needed was something novel, something with personality Meanwhile the wheels of the train were carrying them back to Hollywood and clicking relentlessly, "What'll-you-do, what'll you-do, what'll-you-do?"

"Honey, I've got it!" cried Walt finally, shaking his napping wife by the shoulder.

"Got what?" she asked, trying to wake up.

"The character we want," Walt told her. "Remember I told you about the studio in Missouri? It was overrun with mice They used to crawl up on my drawing board One of them was the cutest little guy you ever saw I used to trap him in the waste basket. Called him Mortimer . . . He's just what we need, Mortimer Mouse!"

"But you can't put personality into a mouse!" his wife objected.

"Mortimer *had* personality!" Walt argued.

tell you, he was the most cheerful, earnest little fellow.. Just wait until we spring this on the gang!"

Walt sensed a principle of writing which many writers miss—that people are interested in people. Tellers of tales live on, not through their plots, but through the characters they have created. Not many of us can remember the plot of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, but we know just what sort of persons were Scrooge and Tiny Tim So, before a pencil was put to paper, Walt and the gang developed Mickey Mouse (Mortimer was too big a name for such a little fellow) into a full-fledged personality. Mickey would above all be cheerful. Along with that, he'd be earnest, plucky, and "full of business." And they resolved that no matter how tempting a gag might be, they would never make Mickey do anything that a "person" of his character wouldn't ordinarily do. Every Disney character is born with the same thoughtful care. Donald Duck is testy; Goofy is gullible, Happy, Dopey, and the other Dwarfs in *Snow White* were even named after their characters.

We take it for granted today that Mickey just poked his little nose out of his hole and took the world by storm Actually, he was a very feeble little mouse for some months and almost didn't live beyond the preview stage. The first *Mickey* short, finished in 1928, was *Plane Crazy*. 1928 was a bad year. Al Jolson's *The Jazz Singer*, the first talkie, had just been released and the movie business was standing on its head, far too occupied with sound to worry about a mouse. The film didn't sell.

While Walt was making the second short, he realized that Mickey would have to talk, so the third one, *Steamboat Willie*, was designed for sound. Walt took it to New York to have the sound added, and to sell it. The whole idea of a talking cartoon was

so new—and so insane, according to the industry—that he even had to invent his own recording methods.

When *Steamboat Willie* was finally shown on a New York screen, Walt ran into a new obstacle. The distributors liked Mickey, the hitch was, they liked him too much They wanted to buy out Walt's idea and company—lock, stock, and barrel.

Walt had been through all that with *Oswald*, and the fancy offers didn't tempt him "I wanted to retain my individuality," he says, glad now that he did. "I knew if someone else got in control, I would be held down to their ideas of low cartoon cost and value." In other words, Walt wanted to be free, free to keep climbing off that ladder into the blue.

The only choice was to release independently, and that road is a rough one in the movie business Walt and Roy decided to take it. As everybody knows, when Mickey finally got his chance at the public, the public gave him such a grand welcome that Walt was able to pull the ladder up after himself and start climbing again

His feet barely scuffed the top rung before he was off again. This time it was the *Silly Symphonies*.

The problem in making a talking picture is to synchronize the sound with the action, that is, to match the sounds with the movements of the actors so that the words actually seem to come from them When live actors do their own talking, it's fairly simple But in cartoons the sound must be added —which causes enormous problems in animation, timing, and recording. The animators had troubles enough when Mickey spoke only an occasional word. Now, in the *Silly Symphonies*, wanted to synchronize an entire film—to h characters dancing, singing and rhythm in eve

Of course, Disney's crew found a way to do it. The animation was planned in advance, frame by frame. From this, the music composers and arrangers knew what to plan, and they were able to write the music and set the tempos in advance. When the film had been animated and was ready for the recording, the musicians sat on a darkened stage and watched the screen as they played, taking their tempos from a "bouncing ball" which appeared beside the picture and served as a sort of conductor's baton Now-a-days the musicians get their tempos from "click-track" which they hear through headphones, but the principle is the same. The most striking proof of Disney's originality is that he and his "gang" have had to invent their own methods and equipment as they have gone along

The Skeleton Dance, the first *Silly Symphony*, was previewed in July, 1929. The combination of music and cartoon was an immediate success. New departments were added to the already sprawling studio, although by now it had spread all over the hillside around the original real-estate office. Now there were musicians and story-men as well as artists, scrambling all over one another, trying to keep up with Walt's amazing flow of new and better ideas.

Minnie Mouse emerged to become Mickey's sweetheart. Donald Duck, Pulto the Pup, and Goofy the Dog became new stars Each one had a distinct personality, and every story was carefully chosen to fit the character being used. Every new artist had to learn one thing first of all

"Remember, Mickey is *not* a mouse ; he's a person !"

When colour became practical in 1932, Walt hopped off the ladder again with *Flowers and Trees*, the

first technicolour cartoon. That year, one of the most grim in the records of the depression, Walt started the world singing *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?* That song, the theme for the record-breaking success, *The Three Little Pigs,* did more to liven up the spirits of the whole country than would a rain of dollars from the sky It brought honours to Walt from all over the world, and from that year onward our own Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been awarding "Oscars" to Walt with the regularity of a metronome.

With the sucessful blending of colour, sound, and animation, all the old problems were solved. Money was rolling in Now Walt could sit down on the top rung of that ladder of his and take a well-earned vacation from worry and risk.

But Walt still had ideas One of them made even Roy gasp Walt wanted to make a full-length feature cartoon! These ten-minute shorts were good enough, but how about a whole show! People tried to discourage him, but Walt was used to opposition "Look," he said calmly, "it takes 14,000 drawings to make a ten-minute picture To make a one-hundred-minute picture would only call for ten times that many. So, 140,000 drawings and we've got it!"

There was no discouraging a man who could calmly quote such fantastic figures The result was the production of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* It took a year and more to complete *Snow White,* but Walt would have stuck with it had it taken ten years and all the money he—and his bankers—possessed. There's one thing about any idea which starts buzzing around the Disney studio. If it's good, it's never dropped An idea or a story may be shelved for a while, or completely redrawn to make improvements, but it is always active.

Snow White was a sensational success. Just as there were Mickey and Minnie Mouse dolls already on the market, now Snow White dolls and the figures of all the Seven Dwarfs became a rage. Money rolled in again, but Walt, as usual, had plans for it. He had visions of a new studio where every department would have its own building, where cartoons could be made on a production line.

The additional room was badly needed. *Pinocchio* and other full-length features were in work, and there were still the short cartoons to be made. People were clamouring for more Mickey Mouse. Donald Duck and Goofy and all the rest had audiences that demanded more and more pictures. Walt's characters, his improvements in technique, and his stories piled up faster than the old studio could handle them. Cartooning had started out as a rather simple art. Under the pressure of Walt's uninhibited imagination and dynamic enthusiasm, it had grown into an unbelievable combination of art and science. But still more was to come.

Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra had made the recordings for a short subject, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice.* Walt doesn't claim to know much about music, but he knows what he likes, and he liked this. He conceived a cartoon which would give an altogether new presentation to music and art. His idea was to interpret various great classical compositions in pictures. And while he was at it, he wanted to overturn all the accepted sound techniques, he planned to have the music swell not from the centre of the screen alone, but from all over the stage, exactly as if a symphony orchestra were seated there, and even from the sides of the house in the finale. Stokowski moved into the Disney studio, and the result was the breath-takingly original and thoroughly delightful *Fantasia*.

Such eminent persons as Leopold Stokowski and Deems Taylor became infected with the sheer joy and informality which comes from working around Walt Disney Despite his being top man and absolute boss at the studio, everyone on the lot calls him "Walt." Before the august Stokowski had time enough to accustom himself to working in that happy hubbub, he was being addressed as "Stokie," and Mr. Taylor as "Deems"—by everybody. And they liked it! The whole studio atmosphere is a weird blend of the dizzy and the purposeful. You'll walk in on a story conferene to find a group of earnest young men arguing hotly, with utter seriousness, the question of what fairies eat

Walt, dressed in his habitual sport clothes of flannel slacks, open-necked cotton shirt, and moccasins, was at home in the new studio by December, 1940 Only about forty himself, he is about five feet, ten inches tall and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds. He keeps trim and fit by playing polo, tennis, and golf—sports which he took up only a few years ago because of a threatened physical breakdown. His favourite sport, though, is still overworking.

To satisfy the millions of people who wanted to know how his cartoons were made, in 1941 Walt produced *The Reluctant Dragon*, a full-length picture which took the audience on a trip through the studio. Part live-action and part cartoon, it showed the development of a story from the first sketches which are tacked up on the wall in the Writers' Department, through the colouring and photographing processes, into the sound effects and music department, and finally onto the screen

Walt himself appeared in that picture. The trim-figured man with the dark eyes, brown hair, and easy, informal attitude, was hard to set

front of the camera. Party it was just plain stage fright, but more it was a deep and honest modesty. Walt never says "I," always "we," and he means it.

Walt was seen only once in the film. A genial, slender young man rose to greet a visitor, and sat down again, saying, "I hear you've got a *story* idea ......Let's see what we can do with it" Fade. The rest of the film was about 'the gang."

The list of honours, awards, citations, and degrees which Walt Disney has achieved is long and growing. He appreciates them, but his real reward comes when he drops quietly into some neighbourhood theatre of a Saturday afternoon and sees a happy audience of youngsters and grown-ups rocking back and forth, laughing, shouting, shrieking at a Disney film.

Walt lives modestly He has to, because, as Roy says, "he's always one idea ahead of the budget." He makes millions of dollars and plows them right back into the studio in his ceaseless quest for something better.

Fantasia was a fantastically costly gamble. audiences might not have liked it, and if they hadn't, Walt would have gone neatly broke. But they did like it, and once more Walt pulled his ladder up after him But one day soon he will call "the gang" into his office They will catch the old look on his face, and will begin to shift uneasily in their chairs Then he will say, "Look, boys, I've been thinking ...." and up off the ladder they will go again.

What the new idea will be nobody knows. No one can predict what will happen when a mind without a fence around it is obsessed with a desire for "something better."



J. Edgar Hoover

CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.

J. Edgar Hoover is the chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He created it and built it into th- greatest law-enforcement agency in the worl' Criminals hate and fear him, yet a criminal di' the greatest single favour of his career.

One day in 1934 Kid Kelly slouched into a precinct police station and gave himself up. One of the toughest of the gangsters, with a reputation for "shooting it out," he was surrendering himself without a struggle The grizzled desk sergeant *couldn't* understand it. "What's the idea, Kelly?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Kelly wearily "The G-men would get me anyway."

This was a new term to the sergeant. "The *what* men?"

"The G-men," Kelly repeated. "Government men."

There is something in a name. In the name G-man, that something is glamour. Through the hectic Twenties the glamour had been on the side of the gangsters. Organized mobs, modeled on the gang of Al Capone in Chicago, were carrying on their criminal activities in open defiance of the law; they were corrupting local officials and coming perilously close to taking over open control of the governments of our largest cities. The public was apathetic. Even many decent citizens were hoodwinked into looking on these criminals as romantic adventurers, modern versions of Robin Hood. Hoover's job was to enlist the public sympathy on the side of law and order, in short, to change Robin Hoods to Robin Hoodlums. The name "G-man" probably did as much as any other one thing to turn the trick.

The new name stuck. As it began to headline countless stories, articles, and even comic strips, another effect became noticeable. Most criminals choose the wrong path at an early age: if a boy's hero is a gangster, the boy is apt to become a gangster himself. Their imaginations captured by the new name, small boys stopped playing gangster

and "rubbing out" their enemies with imaginary tommy-guns; they began to play G-man instead. The glamour, the romance, and the all-important public sympathy had come back where they belonged, to the side of law and decency.

Today the term G-man stands for the last word in scientific crime detection and fearless law enforcement. Credit for this gain goes largely to the vision and driving persistence of J. Edgar Hoover.

Hoover's friends find it easy to remember his birthdate, for he was born on New Year's Day, 1895 The place was Washington, D C, and there he grew up in a comfortable, though by no means wealthy, home

His high school studies were selected with an eye to the future study of law, though at the time it wasn't clear how his higher education was to be financed. As a high school cadet, young Hoover was among the first to swing along to the stirring march which Sousa composed and dedicated to these boys. Though he enjoyed practically all sports, his favourites were boxing, tennis, and golf. Much like Jack Dempsey in build and appearance, he was stocky, strong, and fast on his feet.

When he finished high school, at eighteen, there just wasn't the money for college Nevertheless, he was determined to go on with his education, and just as determined not to become a burden on the family income, so he found a job in the Library of Congress The work was hard and fast. He was on his feet constantly, running most of the time. It was not easy to save the little money he earned, but he did.

He kept his job the next fall when he enrolled for night courses at George Washington University. Though it seemed a hopeless ambition at the ti he still wanted to be a lawyer. He did not

that he was later to introduce the profession of law into one of the most exciting businesses of all time—hunting criminals He received his Bachelor's degree in 1916, and his Master's the next year.

Meanwhile his father had died, and now there was his semi-invalid mother to support. Without let-up, typical of the way he works today, he got a place in the Department of Justice, then as now a branch of the Attorney General's office He started at the bottom, as a filing clerk The Department then was small, Hoover was active and alert, and in the next seven years he rose rapidly

When the Teapot Dome oil *scandal broke* wide open in 1924, one of its far-reaching effects was a reorganisation of the Department of Justice. Hoover was made the new head of the Bureau of Investigation.

To understand the consternation in official circles which greeted this appointment, you must know what a typical detective was like in those days. He was a burly, hard-boiled individual with heavy shoes and a heavy tongue, who usually had entered police service as a patrolman, walking a beat and swinging a nightstick. To solve a case, he called on his circle of underworld acquaintances, his stool pigeons, to produce a tip; then he shadowed the suspect whom he hoped would give himself away. If that failed, he arrested the suspect and tried to beat a confession out of him with a length of rubber hose. Intelligence in a detective was looked upon with suspicion. Scientific methods of crime detection existed only in stories, and the mere idea of a detective with a college education was ridiculous. And Hoover played golf! That was the last straw.

So when the "Old Sleuth," William J. Burns, turned over the Bureau to its new chief one day in 1924, there was a good deal of laughter. Not

everybody laughed, however. One reporter, seeing the shape of things to come, wrote :

"A young lawyer has succeeded William J. Burns, the prominent and much-discussed detective, as the head of the United States sleuthing business. So the old days of 'the old sleuth,' the man of 'shadows' and 'frame-ups' and 'get the goods in any way you can' are past so far as the present administration of the U S Department of Justice is concerned The new chief is a scholar, a gentleman, and a scientist. He looks with a new angle, the evidence side. Instead of merely 'getting the goods,' he is concerned with making 'the goods' stick in court. Detectives of the old school the whole world over, from Scotland Yard to Tokyo, will be watching this new idea in Washington Naturally they are skeptical Perhaps it is too idealistic Perhaps the 'third degree' will come back. We shall see"

Hoover fired back at the skeptics with the more effective weapon he could find—action, Usually a new appointee in Washington talked about what he was going to do It was quite another thing for him to go ahead and do it Hoover started by finding the men is his department who would do the work as he wanted it done, and firing those who couldn't. The casualties were heavy in those first few months. Those who were willing and able to learn about the law, fingerprinting, photography, and chemistry were allowed to stay

"He's no detective," muttered a disgruntled veteran who couldn't keep pace with the new idea; "he's a boy scout!"

Well, he *was* a boy scout. He was showing the world how a boy scout can grow up and carry his code into a man's work.

Times had changed since 1908 when Theodore Roosevelt had organized the Bureau as a sort of

private information-getting service for the President and his Cabinet. Then, most criminal offences were against the laws of the states and cities, and were dealt with by the local forces. Counterfeiting and smuggling were Federal offences, but were handled by the Secret Service, a branch of the Treasury Department, the Postal Inspectors tracked down and prosecuted mail frauds But Hoover foresaw a great new body of law coming on the Federal statute books, laws dealing with crimes, heretofore State offences, which would cross State lines and become matters of Federal concern He saw the need of a Federal agency which could knit together the scattered local police forces and face the criminal gangs with an organisation at least as far-flung, as mobile, as smart, and as fast-striking as their own; an organisation which, when the gangs were gone, would discourage crime by making it unprofitable.

It was a tremendous task. Crime in the Prohibition era was big business, and the "big shots" of the gangs were strong politically. Often they controlled local police departments and city officials, and they had friends in high places.

Hoover realized that the capture of a criminal accomplishes two results. The first and obvious one is to get him out of the way where he can do no more harm. The more far-reaching result is to frighten other criminals by showing them that they can't win, and thus to prevent future crime. Swift pursuit, sure arrest, certain conviction—those were Hoover's goals.

The new Chief began to build up his organisation along two paths, science and law. Scientific methods would assure swift and sure pursuit. Legal knowledge would produce carefully-prepared cases which would stand up in court and result in certain conviction. True, his duties were limited at th

start, but he worked on the idea that if he made his department capable of doing bigger and better things, sooner or later it would be given them to do. He was right. Now the G-men tackle everything.

Some of the reporters had commented on a pack of smudgy, stained cards which Hoover held in his hand as he walked into his new office. They were the beginning of his first major project He maintained what is now agreed, that fingerprints are the one positive means of identification, that fingerprinting should be standard practice, with a national record file for reference It took the case of William West, a Negro boy who was being checked into Leavenworth Penitentiary, to prove this point.

West was being classified under the old system of Bertillon photographs and measurements. The prison photographer hung the numbered placard across the lad's chest and snapped the first shot, a head-and-shoulders closeup He then took the left profile, the right profile, and a full-length picture. Each time, the photographer paused just a moment before snapping the picture as if starting to say something When he got to the last pose, he could hold in no longer.

"Say," he asked, "you've been here before, haven't you?"

"No, boss," replied William West quickly.

"Come on, now," continued the photographer, "you can tell me. When were you in here before?"

"Never!" replied Willie earnestly. "I never did do nothing wrong till this here time."

The photographer wasn't satisfied. He went to his files. He came back in a moment, a triumphant smile on his face. Handing a photograph to Will West, he stood back to watch as West looked at

"That's you, isn't it ?" the photographer asked.

Willie West looked up slowly.

"It sho' is, boss," he stammered. "But honest, I ain't never been in no trouble befo' in my life !"

The photographer dug out the rest of the file on the person whose picture he had shown William West. The name on the file was Will West The height, weight, in fact, all the measurements were exactly the same as those of the "new" convict

A prison guard came in to see why the photographer was taking so long He was shown the old *picture and asked if that picture and the man now* being photographed weren't one and the same person.

"Well, I'd say so," replied the guard, "if I didn't know that Will West was up in his cell right this minute !"

It was true. Will West, the old timer at Leavenworth, was brought down to stand beside William West, the new arrival. They were more alike than most twins. Careful measurement of the two men revealed no difference between them

But their fingerprints were different !

This incident proved two things for J. Edgar Hoover. First, that fingerprints are the only *positive* means of identification, and, second, that they are as valuable in protecting the innocent as in convicting the guilty.

The central fingerprint file grew larger. It became more and more useful all through the years from 1924 to 1934, the year that brought the Bureau of Investigation into the limelight. Until then, Hoover's organisation was still a group of investigators, barely five hundred of them to cover the whole country, without even the power to make arrests. Even so they got things done. Among

other activities, they exposed fake claims for War Risk Insurance, and in the process uncovered some complicated schemes.

In 1929, J. Edgar Hoover convinced the Civil Service Commission that they should fingerprint all applicants for Civil Service examinations and send the cards to his central file for checking

"Your applicant," Hoover wired to one surprised Civil Service Board, "is wanted in Chicago for murder."

During the first year, one out of every thirteen persons applying for Civil Service examinations proved to have a criminal record. The following year the number was one out of fourteen, and the next year one out of twenty-two. The word was getting around. By 1933 the ratio dropped to one out of seventy!

During all this time. Hoover was building up his force. He demanded and received the promise of the officials above him that the F.B.I should be kept free from politics He handpicked his men, and no one was selected on the mere recommendation of a Congressman or Senator. The only applicants he would consider had to be between twenty-five and thirty-five years old, in perfect health, and either graduates of a recognized law school or competent accountants. Although he taught them how to shoot and handle guns, they were not then allowed to carry any weapons on their jobs!

"You fellows," Hoover told them frankly, "start out on a case with everything against you!"

Yet they found ways to get results. When Al Capone was summoned to court in a Prohibition case in Chicago, his attorney entered the plea that 'Mr. Capone is suffering from bronchial pneumonia in Miami, Florida. A trip to Chicago at this t

would certainly kill him." This report was expected to take care of everything. Capone had successfully flouted the local authorities for years

Hoover's men went to Miami to check up. They discovered that Capone's treatment for bronchial pneumonia apparently included afternoons at the Hialeah race track and evenings at the Miami night clubs. During the mornings he made plane trips to the Bahama Islands Since travel seemed to do him so much good, the agents immediately arranged another excursion for the "sick" man Capone went to Chicago, to be sentenced for contempt of court.

One Christmas Eve, on the tip that a man for whom they were looking was going to spend the evening with some friends in a mid-western town, two agents parked their car near the friends' house. They waited for two hours, but their suspect didn't appear. The house was empty Finally, one of the agents got out of the car and told his companion he would be right back. A few minutes later, he returned.

"They'll be right over," he said calmly.

In a few minutes another car drove up. Several people got out and went into the house which the agents were watching Their man was among them. The agent who had stayed in the car looked at his companion. What had he done ?

"A cinch," the other one grinned. "I just went to the corner and telephoned to an aunt of the fellow who owns this place. When I said, 'are the folks home ? ' she answered, 'Oh, you just missed them! They were here two minutes ago, but now they're on the way over to Charlie's'."

The man they "took" that night was Charles W. Drake. The agents were surprised when they turned him over to the local police. They had evidently captured a one-man gang, for Charles W.

Drake also answered to the names of Chuck Drake, Michael O' Connor, Mike Conner, Louis B. Jannings, Mike Parella, Bill Brickell and Jack Blazier

The next day, Hoover wired them

'Congratulations. The man you caught was Roy Courtney."

In such bloodless skirmishes as these, J. Edgar Hoover was training his men to be resourceful, brave, and quick-witted. The big job, he knew, was still ahead. One day Prohibition would be repealed. Then the gangs would turn from liquor to other criminal channels, in raids which, if not swiftly and ruthlessly stamped out, might develop into a real reign of terror. The F B I was going to be ready for it.

Prohibition was repealed. A kidnapping wave swept over the entire country It reached a pitiful crest in March, 1932, with the snatching of the Lindbergh baby. An aroused public demanded stronger action, stricter laws. J. Edgar Hoover, through a strong plea to the United States Attorney General and the ability of his department, was able to supply both Kidnapping became a federal offence, punishable by death if the kidnappers crossed state lines. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, the F B I. was strengthened and given vast new powers. Now the G-man had teeth Hoover handed guns to his agents, already trained to use them, and said, "Go to it!"

It was not long before such gangsters as Pretty Boy Floyd began to sweat under what they called "the G-heat."

"If you promise that I'll be let off with a life sentence, I'll surrender," Floyd offered hopefully.

The F.B.I. didn't bargain. "Forget it," was the reply. "We'll get you anyhow!" They did

These lawyers and accountants, trained in the science of crime detection, made themselves felt and feared throughout gangland. When they brought a murderer or a kidnapper to trial, he was convicted. Previously, it had been boasted that "the easiest avenue of escape is through the courtroom itself." Not any longer. The G-man startled the gangsters and the public alike with a record of 94% convictions in the cases they brought to trial! Until then 34% had stood as a record of efficiency.

Early in the hand-to-hand battle with the gangsters, J. Edgar Hoover had sensed a strange thing. These cruel, ruthless murderers whom he was bring ing to justice were public heroes! Their names an deeds got big, black headlines in the papers becaus the people wanted to learn more about them. Movie glorified them Admiring stories were written abou them. The public was actually thinking of thes sneaking robbers and murderers as modern Robi Hoods.

"That's all wrong," explained Hoover, amaze "Why, these gangsters are just a bunch of rats Dirty, squealing, yellow rats—and that's what I'am going to call them. If the public doesn't like it, they can get me fired!"

When John Dillinger, who had shot his way through slaughter, robbery and jail-breaks, was himself shot down by G-men in a Chicago alley as he left a theatre, Hoover started his new campaign.

He published the picture of Dillinger's body, sprawled where it had fallen, and announced to the public,

"There's no romance in a dead rat!"

With the help of Courtney Riley Cooper, Hoover wrote article after article for the *American Magazine*, dealing with the capture and death of most bubliczed criminals of the day. His book *Persons in Hiding*

is good reading. Those stories prove that there *is* a thrilling side to crime, But not among the criminals. These true accounts all end with the victory of the G-men, the forces of decency. Hoover had brought to light an aspect of crime which the public had been forgetting.

"This super-crook stuff," he announced, "is a myth. We never run across a large organization with a single mastermind at its head. Rather, they are an unorganized mob of illegitimate businessmen. When they need a hide-out, they go to someone who ¬rovides hide-outs. When they need a doctor, some riend recommends a crooked doctor to them. .... r's the whole dirty foundation of the thing that fo're after!"

As a result, gangster heroes rapidly became Pubs, Enemies Number 1, 2, 3, and so on, while J. cigar Hoover was recognized as Public Hero Numb- one!

a, With the calling of the F B I into actual fights, the force naturally had to be increased Again, as in the beginning, Hoover stuck to his rigid standards. The only change in the selection of his men was to make the tests stiffer!

Enthusiasm to become a G-man ran high Once when Hoover talked to a group of people in a Southern town, a twelve-year-old boy came to him after the speech and said staunchly, "I went to be a G-man!"

Hoover looked down at him and smiled.

"Maybe you can," he replied, "if you work hard and study the right things."

He laid out a course of study for that boy which has since been carefully followed. It is hard to say which one was the more encouraged that day, the youth, who was not laughed at and told to run on home and wait about thirteen years, or J. Edgar-

Hoover, who felt that at last youngsters were being put on the right track.

The F.B.I. training school was taken as a model for the National Police Academy, established in Washington in 1935. Picked men from city and state police forces are sent there for a course of intensive training. Then they go back home to train other men in the new methods.

Hoover's training Programme is rigid. It includes lectures by the country's foremost criminal lawyers and psychologists, expert photography, and handling the intricate devices which draw clues from such trivial things as used papers, tool marks, tire tracks, bits of fabric, and even dust. An almost invisible particle of dust found on a crook's clothing may destroy the best-laid alibi. In the F.B.I. laboratories men learn to trace bullets to the very guns which fired them, and to prove their conclusions to skeptical juries. They learn fingerprinting by exploring the smudged and battered fenders and the interior of Beulah, an old car. They practice jujitsu with one another and with Oscar, a beloved dummy which has been thrown by the law more times than any living jail-breaker. They are taught to shoot standing up, lying down, running, from a moving running board at a moving target. And, whether their weapon is an indictment, a microscope, or a gun, they don't miss.

helped by their knowledge of Apache. More than one criminal has been known to give away his guilt in a foreign language not realizing until too late that the thoroughly American G-man arresting him understood every word!

The previous occupations of the G-men help them considerably in carrying out authentic disguises An agent never knows when he may be called upon to pose as a professor of Latin or a fisherman, or when he may have to raise chickens, or even play the violin! Once when an agent went to a sagging mountain cabin in Kentucky to arrest a youth, he found himself hemmed in by stern relatives.

"He ain't here," they declared, with sullen menace. "And you ain't leaving this house" Guns, in the hands of hard-eyed men who knew how to use them, blocked every exit from the cabin.

The G-man tried to reason with them. No one would listen. Finally, seeing a battered fiddle on the stone ledge over the fireplace, the agent picked it up and started to play. No one relaxed, but he kept on playing one folk-song after another. At length, the grim father of the wanted boy lowered his rifle.

'Will you play my favourite piece?" he asked. "It's 'Old Black Joe'"

The G-man smiled. They were beginning to soften. He played "Old Black Joe" and everything else for which they asked, and closed his concert appropriately with "The End of a Perfect Day." Then he began to talk, and their confidence won, the mountain men listened.

Suddenly the tension broke. The father offered his hand to the agent. "I like the way you do things," he said. "You just send them papers to Louisville, and my boy will turn his self in there."

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Between 1934 and 1939, the F.B.I. grew from a force of around five hundred agents to eight hundred well-trained, physically fit G-men They came from all walks of life. There were men who had been farmers, newspapermen, bankers, baseball players, surveyors, and radio announcers. Among them were men who could speak Yiddish, Bohemian, Slovakian, French, German, Hawaiian, and Malay; on some cases in the West several agents have been

As in Hoover's original idea, the G-men are not content to merely "get the goods." They submit the goods to science and come to court with solid evidence which crooked attorneys—whom Hoover despises even more than he does the criminals themselves—can't beat.

Criminals are still prone to overlook the trained G-man's knowledge of law. Hoover laughingly points out that they are beginning to become aware of it, however. He refers to the criminals already behind bars who study law in the prison libraries in an effort to find some loophole through which they can squirm to freedom.

"Not loopholes," says Hoover, "They're looking for legal ratholes"

The discouraging part for the convicts in this great wave of law study, as Hoover points out, is that though they may spend as much as ten years looking for the legal exit, it takes only an hour or so to get them back in.

On June 25, 1926, a man named Steinberg was sentenced to "not less than ten years and not more than twenty" in a Federal Penitentiary He was paroled in 1934, but jailed again in 1936 for breaking parole regulations. He took to the law books. There he found that before July 1, 1926, it was illegal to sentence anyone for an indefinite period of time.

"Framed !" he shouted, and pointed at his sentence and the date upon which it was read. He thought he had found a sure loophole.

"Very well," ruled the court which heard his plea. "We shall make the sentence definite ..Twenty years !" When Hoover's G-men get a man behi[illegible] bars, regardless of the crime, from stealing automobile to sabotage, he needs far more t[illegible] technica[illegible] [illegible] get himself out.

In 1941 the G-men working under this frank, hearty, six-foot human dynamo, numbered two thousand crack agents. Every day, that handful of fingerprint cards which he first took into his new office is supplemented by a stream of more than 2,200 new cards His group of investigators are now armed, not just physically, but mentally as well.

J. Edgar Hoover, who draws a salary of $10,000 per year and frequently refuses private offers of $25,000, still has no time to look at his honours, medals, and awards He looks not at what has been done, but what there is still to do

When the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory was established a few years ago he said

"The public has finally got over the idea that we are a group of young men pursuing criminals while clad in academic gowns and carrying magnifying glasses May we regard the past as a period of introduction of science into the profession of law enforcement, which will blossom and bear fruit in the years to come in every community of America."

Years ago Gilbert and Sullivan wrote a song whose refrain ran, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one." The tune is still good, but the lyric is out of date. The new one should run, "The criminal's lot is not a happy one."

Credit a goodly part of the change to J. Edgar Hoover, who thought as a boy that crime shouldn't pay, and as a man makes sure that it doesn't.



Henry Agard Wallace

A FARMER GOES TO WASHINGTON

Occasionally there rises to prominence in Washington a man who is no more of a politician your next-door neighbour. He may be shy, ward, and awkward in his speech. He may

work through the ever-growing *Wallace's Farmer*. Like all good Wallaces, he served his term in Washington, as Secretary of Agriculture under President Harding, and in 1921 he launched the phrase which has pointed up the issue every political campaign and platform since—"Farm Relief." He argued that legislative help had been granted to every industry in the country except the one which feeds us. The railroads, the makers of agricultural machinery, in fact all industries which sell to the farmer or handle his produce had demanded and re-ived legislative protection of one sort or another, 'e the unorganized farmers still stuggled along, ıg their crops and accepting whatever the current market wished to pay. In the midst of a bitter political fight in 1924, Henry Centwell Wallace died.

The crusade and the now nationally famous *Wallace's Farmer* passed on to his son, Henry Agard Wallace. Opponents of the two preceding Henry Wallaces were relieved. "Third generation," they reassured themselves. "He can't amount to much."

That was a comfortable thought and not a bad gamble. Even harder than making a new name in the world is the job of living up to a name that has already been made, especially when the successor invites direct comparison with his illustrious ancestors by staying in the same work. The child born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth often chokes on it.

Nevertheless, Henry Agard Wallace stuck to the family guns. He became editor of *Wallace's Farmer*. Quietly, without any thought of personal prominence, he plugged away at the family ideas. Along the road, feeling that the Republicans were talking too much and doing too little, he left the political faith of his fathers and struck out for him-

self In 1932 a new President was elected, a President whose ideas on agriculture were the Wallace ideas. And in 1933 Henry Agard Wallace became Secretary of Agriculture under Franklin Roosevelt The rest is partly history, partly current events—and partly future.

The AAA, the ever-normal granary the soil-conservation programme, the parity plan The years and events have flashed by like a motive montage, and the focus has sharpened on the third Wallace until he stands out as a man in his own right, a man holding power, and the responsibilities which go with power, undreamed of by his father and grandfather.

"It's like the scientific rotation of corps," said the farmers, using a term which the Wallaces had taught them "Each new generation grows a little hardier and more valuable"

Henry Agard Wallace has proved himself to be a thoroughly likable man in dozens of unconventional and unexpected ways. Agriculture is his principal interest, but not his only one. He can speak as an expert on mathematics, astronomy, or literature, give a competent analysis of any religious faith or cult, cast a horoscope, or chat in Spanish. In whatever time is left, he'll play a rousing game of tennis or badminton, and—this one set the Capital back on its heels—throw boomerangs The boomerang affair was literally that, for it laid Wallace wide-open to the wit of opposition columnists The parallels which they drew between the Secretary's favourite projects and his pet sport were very funny, but behind the laugh was an unintentional tribute to his lack of political "savvy" Wallace unintentional' turned the laugh back. While a reporter watching him exercise one afternoon, a

boomerang circled around to where the journalist stood, and he forgot to duck.

Perhaps one of the most exasperating things to Wallace's enemies is that there is no "inside story" on the man. He is just a good, clean, honest, farmers' friend from Iowa, with a big grin and a handshake that hurts. He has plenty of colour, but no off-colour.

Iowa is as proud of the Wallace family as it is of its tall corn. "Uncle Henry" settled there in 1871. For the first six years he was pastor of the United Presbyterian Church at Morning Sun. Pennsylvania born and Scotch-Irish in blood, he was, deeply religious and just as deeply practical. He believed in helping the farmers in his congregation to make more money as well as to find a more comfortable spiritual life.

"The same thing holds true for the missionaries we're sending to China, Africa and India," he said. "We ought to have agricultural missionaries who could help the natives' pocket-books as well as their souls."

He practiced what he preached. He spent as much time calling on farmers who were having trouble with their live-stock and crops as on those who were troubled in spirit. In either case he was more than just a comforter, he dug down into the roots of the trouble and tried to find a real solution.

In 1887 a doctor advised Uncle Henry to give up the pulpit and take things easier on a farm where he would get more fresh air "You have a trace of tuberculosis," the doctor said ominously.

Uncle Henry agreed to the fresh air principle, but "taking things easy," was advice he could never swallow. He moved to a farm near Winterset, Iowa, and there, with his son Henry Cantwell

Wallace, he began an active study of Iowa farm problems.

Henry Cantwell Wallace, although just married and apparently settled on the farm, realized that the farmers' problems needed something more scientific than their homespun cut-and-dry approach. So, in 1887, twenty-one-year-old Henry Cantwell and his young bride, the former May Brodhead, moved over to Ames, and Henry II entered Iowa State College.

Their son was born in Ames on October 7, 1888. His father stayed on at the college for two years after graduation as Professor of Dairying Henry Agard's first play-ground was the busy campus of a college where farming was being lifted out of the plow-plant-and-hope stage and entrusted to the skilled hands of the dirt scientist.

He was still only a youngster when he met the great Negro agricultural scientist, George Washington Carver, then teaching at Iowa State University prior to going to Tuskegee Institute. Carver took the serious, sturdy boy with him on long field trips. Henry was experimenting in curing sick plants and cross-breeding healthy ones years before botany appeared on his class schedules.

"Dr. Carver always gave me credit for knowing a whole lot more than I did," Wallace said later, but the statement contains more modesty than truth. Years later a poverty-stricken farmer happened to meet Wallace in Des Moines, Iowa. The subject of "hybrid corn"—a new strain of corn developed by a process of cross-breeding to eliminate the weaker elements—came up. Wallace outlined an idea, based on experiments he had made long before. The farmer returned home and set to work. For nine years, although barely making living for his family, he stuck faithfully to the

to practical use by farmers. Some of these studies seemed far away from the furrow for a prospective farmer.

"What do you suppose Henry is studying now?" a classmate would say. "Astronomy!"

It was true. There was a period when, on every clear night, young Henry Agard would hike off to the highest point near the campus, and lie flat on his back till dawn, studying the stars Henry became known as the college "star gazer," and the favourite campus joke was asking Henry to tell fortunes

"This is astronomy," Henry replied, "not astrology. I read a complex theory about the relation between the stars and weather cycles," he went on, "and I'm trying to find out whether it's true or not."

Later, out of sheer curiosity and for relaxation, he did turn to astrology, studying, however, more of the history than the practice of it. That beginning led him into lengthy research which uncovered old superstitions and folk-lore connected with the raising of crops since the dawn of history. Later, a Washington friend who heard about Henry's odd interest in ancient superstitions thought he had run across something new "You know," he said, "we do an awful lot of needless worrying about the future. I hear there are Egyptian writings near the tops of the pyramids which, if properly deciphered, prophesy the entire future."

"Yes," replied Henry Wallace, in all seriousness, "I've made a study of them. Matter of fact, I have a very interesting book on the subject if you're interested"

When Iowa State College granted Henry Agard Wallace his Bechelor of Science degree in *1910*, he was a shy and studious sort of fellow, rather different from his father and grandfather in that he had no

inclination toward politics, hated to speak in public, and preferred to tell his story through the printed page.

When he met and fell in love with Ilo Browne in 1914, Uncle Henry joked, "Well, well, Henry's got a girl. I really believe it's the first time in his life he ever noticed one!" They were married that same year, and the charming Mrs Wallace later became only a little less active than her husband in official Washington. While Uncle Henry continued to hold the public spotlight on the family, Henry Agard joined his father as associate editor of *Wallace's Farmer.*

A few years before he died, Uncle Henry capped a career which had begun at an age when most men retire by travelling to Scotland to study farm tenancy. "One of the biggest troubles in this country," he insisted, "is that no one stays on a farm long enough to want to take care of the place We need more onwership, and the pride and the care that goes with it, and less of this living on a rented place till it runs down, then moving somewhere else."

Uncle Henry maintained active editorship of *Wallace's Farmer* until his death in 1916 at the age of eighty. He had lived just twice as long as it had been prophesied he would, and he died, not wasting away with illness, but on active duty as chairman of an Interdenominational Laymen's Missionary Convention at Des Moines.

Now, as in a battle, the two remaining Wallaces moved up to fill the ranks. Henry Cantwell Wallace took Uncle Henry's place in public life. The management of the family paper went to Henry Agard, who was just as happy to remain behind the scenes. An editor, despite the prominence of his name in print can have a considerable privacy if he wants it, Henry Agard continued to carry on his agric

studies and experiments. He developed into a proficient writer, one of his most useful and widely-read books being *Corn and the Corn Grower*, published before his turn in government duties came around.

The study of mathematics appealed strongly to his methodical mind. In the Wallace tradition, he turned his findings to practical farm use by drawing up the first practicable "corn-hog charts" for mapping and forecasting the course of the markets. The price we pay for our morning bacon is mathematically related to the price of corn several months ago, for corn is the principal hog diet. Henry Agard analyzed the relationship, and from his charts farmers could tell fairly closely whether it would pay them to raise hogs in a given year, and at what time of the year they should ship them to market.

The post-war price slump of 1920 probably hit the farmers harder than any other group of producers. That slump was the "Inventory Depression." The war had ended, but factories and farmers had kept right on producing at the enormously expanded war volume. The time came when stocks of all commodities were piled up far in excess of people's ability to buy Almost overnight the whole price structure collapsed Hardly a single farm product would sell for enough money to pay the mere cost of harvesting.

Farmers all over the country faced ruin. In addition to their need of cash for day-to-day living, they had mortgage payments to meet, installments on farm machinery to pay, next season's seed to buy, and labour to hire. No money was coming in, nor was there a prospect of any unless prices for farm products improved.

Since Henry Cantwell Wallace was Secretary of Agriculture, the problem was on his doorstep. He saw it as a simple matter of economics: When

the supply of something exceeds the demand for it, prices go down. To improve prices, either the demand must be increased or the supply reduced. The latter course promised the quicker solution.

The two Henrys climbed into a battered old car and travelled all over the country, begging farmers to reduce their production by voluntary agreement, so that prices would again be forced up to a decent level. Not all the farmers agreed, and in a plan such as the Wallaces proposed that reluctance ruined the whole scheme. The farmers who were willing to work together suffered at the hands of those who refused. No curtailment of crops resulted, the surplus production continued as great as ever, and prices sunk even lower.

Out of this failure came two far-reaching results. Henry Agard had been drawn from his shell of privacy to become in active crusader. And in the back of his mind was forming the crop-control and national farm-planning system which emerged years later as the AAA. Seeking a more immediate relief, the Wallaces became crusaders for the McNary-Haugen bill. This plan sought to market certain crops abroad, and at the same time protect the home prices from foreign competition The elder Wallace, despite his influence as Secretary of Agriculture, was unable to convince either President Harding or his successor Coolidge of the desperate plight of American farmers. Definite help was needed, and on a big scale. The farmers couldn't pay their mortgage interest with kind words, but that was nearly all they got.

When Henry Cantwell Wallace died in 1924, Henry Agard Wallace abandoned the traditional Republicanism of his father and grandfather, and threw his support to the Democrats. Now, editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, and having she

his backwardness about public affairs, he plunged into the crusade for governmental action on the farmers' problems.

For eight years, Henry Agard Wallace fought his fight steadily, ardently and, outside actual farming circles, almost unnoticed. Then, during the campaign in 1932, he met Franklin D Roosevelt and presented his views to the candidate and his newly formed "Brain Trust" Roosevelt, in his famous farm speech at Topeka, came out flatly for everything for which Wallace had been working Wallace became his man, and remained so in the belief that if elected, Roosevelt would be one campaigner who would not compromise on his word.

After Franklin Roosevelt was elected, for Secretary of Agriculture he immediately thought of the quietly persuasive, rugged, and practical man whose views on the farm situation so nearly matched his own. In 1933 Henry Agard Wallace, his attractive wife, and their three children reluctantly exchanged their quiet home near Des Moines, Iowa, for the turmoil of Washington life.

The first press conference disclosed the new Secretary's complete lack of political sophistication. He shambled into the crowded room, his face lined with worry, dog-tired from a succession of fifteen-hour workdays. His straight dark hair was mussed, and one tip of his soft collar curled up to expose a twisted necktie which had evidently been donned in a hurry and forgotten. Part of the time he fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair, with his eyes on the floor, scraping one plain black shoe against the other in the farmer's unconscious gesture of scuffing off the field dirt when he enters the house. Some of the reporters' questioning was bitterly pointed. A veteran politician, schooled in the art of "covering up," would have joked, evaded, or,

if cornered, defended the indefensible. Wallace answered the most sharply barbed questions with an utterly unpolitical candour. "Perhaps there have been some mistakes," he said frankly, "but sometimes it's better to go ahead and risk making mistakes than do nothing at all."

He was speaking at a time when the country was touching bottom. Banks were closed. Millions of men were out of work Farmers were going deeper into debt with every harvest, losing their farms, losing their hope and spirit Another official, criticized in those desperate days for acting without lengthy debate in Congress, summed up the situation in these words. "Hunger is not debatable "

The reporters left the conference and filed their stories. Some were friendly, perhaps more were opposed, but the opposition was focused on Wallace's policies rather than his personality. One veteran newspaperman summed up the general opinion "As to government, he'll have to prove himself But the man is sincere, and he does know farming."

The apartment which the Wallaces took in Washington was located four miles from the Department of Agriculture Every morning bright and early, the new Secretary walked briskly to work, even though the previous night's work had dragged into the small hours. He believed in plenty of exercise, and he always managed to squeeze it into the most pressing schedule

One afternoon he calculated that he had just enough time to slip downstairs and play a fast set of tennis between appointments. During the game his shoes began to pinch, so he slipped them off and played out the set barefooted. Glancing at his watch, he noticed that he was a few late. Without thinking about his shoes, he up the Department of Agriculture steps, and,

through the corridors and into his appointment in his bare feet, shirt-tails flying, and sweat streaming down his neck. It was several weeks before that tale died out of Washington conversation.

The boomerang incident unfortunately became national news shortly after the "slaughter of the 6,000,000 pigs" in 1933. The wisdom of that programme is still being argued, but Wallace's purpose was sincere Hogs were too cheap, he felt, and an enforced reduction in the supply would raise the price of the farmers' next crop. At any rate the affair was loaded with colour, and the press played it to the limit. Cartoonists pictured long lines of brave little pigs marching off to be slaughtered, old sows were shown draped in mourning. By pure coincidence, Walt Disney's *The Three Little Pigs* came along just then and raised pigs to the status of public idols

The importance given to this particular policy surprised and troubled Wallace A gentle man, who did not even fish or hunt because he hated to see animals killed for sport, he found himself branded in the prints as a mass murderer. Finally the affair outgrew all the proportions of common sense, and Wallace commented, "You'd have thought the farmers were raising those pigs for *pets*."

That first year in Washington was the most troubled period which any Secretary of Agriculture had faced in many, many years In it Wallace established a record for future Secretaries to shoot at. He travelled 40,000 miles, visited every State; made eighty-eight speeches on farm problems, foreign trade, and religion; produced twenty-two articles for publication, and wrote three books.

During Wallace's first few years in office Washington hostesses were in a dither over his

famous vegetarian diet. The question built up into a minor tempest. To the meat-packing industry and cattle-raisers, whose business began to feel the effects, it wasn't funny. But nobody wanted to "bell the cat" and ask the Secretary directly just how seriously he took his diet. Finally, at a meeting of the Saddle and Sirloin Club in Chicago, the whole thing was brought to a head. A big, thick, sizzling steak was placed before Wallace as if his preference in diet was unknown. Wallace knew that he was being put to the test. He looked down at the steak, and up at the furtive, anxious faces of the guests—then grinned to himself and proceeded to polish off the steak with gusto. The meat-packers and Washington hostesses felt greatly relieved, and Henry Wallace postponed his vegetarian experiments to some future date when the obligations of public office would no longer interfere with his menus.

The sweeping agricultural policies and reforms instituted in Wallace's eight years as Secretary are matters of current history. Opinion on them is still divided. Those in favour call them "Planning", those opposed dub them "Regimentation!" Orators will argue, and the future will decide. One conclusion stands out—under Wallace the farmers of the nation, the producers of our most essential commodity, food, have for the first time been granted ample recognition.

Some of the reforms will endure, some won't, others will change in form. One, the fight on soil erosion, will carry on to our children and our children's children, and may well become Wallace's monument. It is true that the soil and forests of America have been exploited and destroyed in the last hundred and fifty years at a rate dismaying students of economic history. Our farms

timberlands have been worked like mines—plundered, then abandoned. Until recently when the old was laid waste, we simply moved on into new areas. Secretary Wallace foresaw that great damage, perhaps actual famine, might come in the next century if Americans did not take steps to prevent such wastefulness.

He therefore called on farm leaders all over the country to study the problems. Organized training in soil conservation and forestry was laid out and made available to every community in the land, no matter how isolated or remote. Already the results are making themselves seen and appreciated. New trees are taking root between the barren stumps of ravaged hillsides. Green cover-crops are holding down dust-blown ground and putting back into the soil minerals which constant one-crop planting had depleted. Flood-control dams, terraced hillsides, and straightened water courses prevent the scouring away of fertile earth with every rain.

From his grandfather and father, Henry Wallace inherited a deep religious feeling toward the soil, and, in addition, the practical drive necessary to get things done. His religion is not so much that of God the Comforter as God the Creator. He feels that our task is to help build "a kingdom of Heaven on this earth" with the talents and resources which God has given us. On the lips of a politician, that would be a cant phrase, spoken for effect From Wallace it is an honest declaration of faith.

Despite long years of public contact Henry Wallace is still shy and sincere, with a boyish grin and a deep, earnest look in his clear blue eyes. Black, shaggy eyebrows knit together beneath his high forehead when he is irked or puzzled or embarrassed, as he still is when anyone snaps his picture. He stands about five feet ten, is solidly

built, and in his fifties he is still able to outrun, out-racquet, or out-boomerang many of his younger colleagues.

Wallace will need all of his ruggedness in the stern years to come. His term as Vice-President began with the quietness typical of that office. Then, in the autumn of 1941.

"The President moved decisively," said *Time*, "whipping the vast sprawl of Defence management into its first clear sense-making shape, dominated by *an authoritative body called* SPAB—Supply Priorities and Allocations Board The President's old scheme to make the Vice-Presidency into a job of work had been carried out almost too thoroughly. Henry Agard Wallace had a Constitutional job presiding over the Senate, he had a bigger second job, never envisioned by the Founding Fathers, which might end in his presiding over the world. chairman of the Economic Defence Board. Nevertheless, the Roosevelt reorganisation began by making Henry Wallace chairman of the SPAB . .. It made Henry a real No 2 President, sitting at the head of the group which will run the U.S. war effort. He had the title and the responsibility."

The end of the story is yet to be written. One thing we know now · that whether he succeeds or fails, his work will have been done honestly and thoroughly. Politics is a cleaner word because of Henry Wallace.



George Washington Carver

MAKING SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING

Everybody knew that peanuts had three uses. They could be fed to the monkeys in the zoo, and munched by human beings at ball games In the form of peanut butter they could be made into picnic sandwiches. And around the year 1900, that was all their value.

But Dr. George Washington Carver, the great Negro agricultural scientist of the South, had to find, and find quickly, other uses for the lowly peanut. He had urged its planting on cotton-poor Southern farmers, and they had followed his advice so enthusiastically that they raised more peanuts than people would buy. So, to expand the market beyond the ball parks, circus tents, and zoos, he tore the tiny peanut into fourteen different parts, shuffled them about in his laboratory, and came out with *300 different commercial products!*

Dr. Carver's own explanation of his work is a heart-warming blend of humble simplicity and scientific exactness. It starts with a pious acknowledgment of God's help, and ends in the realm of test-tubes, Bunsen-burners, and microscopes. This comforting association between God and his servant, the scientist, is the very essence of the kindly old Negro's philosophy.

"I take a handful of peanuts and look at them, and I say to my Creator, 'Why did You make the peanut?' Then I try to find out why by taking the peanut apart. I separate the water, the fats, the oils, the gums, the resins, sugars, starches, pectoses, pentoses, legumen, lysin, the amino and the amino acid. There! I have the parts of the peanut all spread out before me. Then I merely try different combinations of the parts under different conditions of temperature and pressure, and the results—well, you can see for yourself."

What you see for yourself takes your breath away. Doctor Carver's peanut products range from breakfast foods to shoe-polish, from ice cream to axle grease. They include starch, flour, milk, cheese, vinegar, pickles, linoleum, paints, ink, wood-stain, beauty lotions, soap, emulsions, shaving c..., paper, oils, dyes, and a dandruff cure!

And all that is only part of George Washington Carver's life work. His life story is brimful of accomplishments—new uses for cotton, startling products from the sweet potato, paints from common Alabama clays— and they all stem from one amazing source, *nothing*. He always started out with nothing. He took valueless crops, even waste and refuse, as the basis of his experiments, and out of nothing he created hundreds of beneficial products. He took nothing in return, gave away all of his ideas, took out no patents, and drew no royalties. He once, said, "If the people of the South had the vision, they could control the markets of the world!"

George Washington Carver was born a slave. The date, as near as he can determine, was "around 1864" His mother and father were slaves on Moses Carver's widespread plantation near Diamond Grove, in the south-western corner of Missouri. The father was sold on an auction block when the child was only a month or so old.

The Ozark Plateau, parts of Kentucky and Illinois, and the whole state of Tennessee separated the Carver plantation from the thundering battlegrounds of the Civil War The great battles to the East and South took a different and more sinister form around Diamond Grove. Bands of self-styled "Union sympathizers" made night raids on the plantations, frightened off slaves, and in other ways sporadically carried on the fight "to free the slaves"

One cold moonlit night a band of night-riders swept down on the Carver plantation and kidnapped several of the slaves Among them was little George's mother, who huddled her six-month-old baby in her arms as she stumbled along the rutted dirt road beside the horse of her captor. All night long and

through the icy mists of morning the straggling line of slaves was herded out of Missouri and down into Arkansas. Little George's mother died from the terrible strain, and the tiny baby was left to the rough care of his kidnappers.

Agents sent out by Moses Carver came across the raiders. The infant had developed whooping-cough and the raiders expected him to die. These agents offered a race horse, worth about three hundred dollars, as ransom. The raiders, glad to trade the ailing child for something which at least wouldn't catch the whooping-cough, let the baby go back to Moses Carver's plantation

The end of the Civil War freed the slaves, but did not free certain of the plantation owners from an inbred sense of obligation towards their helpless dependents. The Carvers, though impoverished, brought up the little orphan boy and gave him a home until he was ready to leave In accordance with custom, he was given their family name.

For some years he was sickly and frail, unable to work or play as energetically as other children of his age. The spirit, however, was not lacking. He pitched into whatever work he could do around the house or in the kitchen and yard It was his willingness and honesty which finally earned him his full name, George Washington Carver

In the pale light of early morning, hours before he would be needed to help with the work around the house, little George used to wander alone into the woods near the plantation. He always came back in time to do his share of the daily work, but in the afternoons off he would run again. No one knew why he liked so much to play there.

"When I was just a little tyke," he later expla' ed, "I thirsted for knowledge. I literally lived,

the woods. I wanted to know what was in every stone and plant, and to learn about every animal, insect, and bird. I had a secret garden where I took sick plants and soon had them blooming again"

An old blue-backed Webster's Spelling Book provided the young botanist's only education during his first ten years. He always carried it with him. In the woods he tucked the book into a shelf dug from the trunk of a favourite tree Then he would scamper off to find wild flowers, ferns and moss, bring them back to where he had hidden the speller, and impatiently thumb through the tattered pages in search of words to describe what he had found. He was not satisfied with just a knowledge of plants and animals, however. Before he ever saw the inside of a schoolroom, he had mastered every word in that speller!

The town of Neosho, Missouri, a few miles away, boasted a one-room school, and little George, hungry for education, asked if he could go there Moses Carver was a much poorer man after those hard years which followed the war, and to lose even a ten-year-old helper from the plantation was something of a hardship. Nevertheless, he encouraged the tiny Negro boy to go ahead

"I'm only sorry I can't give you any money to start on," he said.

"I can work," replied little George stoutly. "I can earn my own money."

So off he went into the world. Neosho, small as it was, frightened the frail youngster who trudged into it with his book under one arm and his small bundle of clothes under the other There were so many horses, wagons, and people! He crowded close to the buildings to keep from getting his bare feet

stepped on. When he finally found a place to sleep, in a hayloft over a livery stable, he dropped to the soft pile of hay—thinking that never before in all his life had he been so tired. The excitement of the place had completely taken away his appetite, and it was not until he awoke cold and hungry the next morning that he realized he hadn't even tried to find anything to eat.

School work was fun. The shy, eager-eyed, smiling little Negro boy found odd jobs to keep himself clothed and fed. As he had on the plantation, he still rose early to go exploring in the woods before work or school After school he ran errands, swept out stores, shined shoes and did any other odd jobs the friendly people of Neosho would give him. Within a year he had learned all that the teacher in Neosho's log school could teach him, and he was hungry for more.

The opportunity came early one morning George was strolling along the road, on his way back to town from a new garden he had started, when a stranger in a mule-drawn wagon offered him a ride. The stranger let fall that he was on his way to Fort Scott, Kansas, about seventy-five miles distant, and George eagerly asked if he could go along. There was a high school in Fort Scott The traveller agreed, and George, having no possessions to pack anyway, left Neosho without a backward look.

He got a job as a cook, dishwasher, and housekeeper for a family in Fort Scott, and entered high school. His lifelong practice of making something out of nothing was well begun He had started without even freedom. He had earned his own food, his own clothing, even his own name Now he was earning his education.

Seven years later he graduated from the hig school at Fort Scott. There had been many

to catch up. His only actual preparation had been the Webster's Speller, the one-room school, and what he had learned in the fields and woods. As close as he could guess his age, he was about twenty.

With his graduation from high school came also his graduation from bodily frailty. Suddenly he began to grow and toughen. Within a year or two he had developed into a strong, healthy six-footer.

The Carvers proudly claimed a part in that rapid development. They insisted that it was the home-cooking they gave him when, the summer after he finished high school, he came back "home" to visit. While at the plantation George was also given an old spinning wheel on which his mother had spun flax years before. He treasured that relic and kept it with him continuously from that time. Years later an old friend remarked, "I've seen him touch that wheel, he touches it as a priest reverently touches an altar. I sometimes feel that if I could be in his room when he retires, I should hear him say goodnight to that wheel."

High school whetted the young man's appetite for education just as had the blue-backed speller and the one-room school of Neosho. He had very little money, but that was no drawback, for he had learned from experience the great difference between simply getting something for nothing and *making* something from nothing.

During that summer on the Carver plantation, George applied by letter for admission to a college in Iowa. His credits were approved; he filled out the examination papers and eagerly sent them back to the college. Weeks passed. The opening day of the fall semester was near at hand when word finally came that he was accepted.

Nearly every penny he possessed went into a railroad ticket to the college town in Iowa. He arrived happy to be starting on his higher education. He planned to start a small laundry, to finance his way through.

The college Dean looked up as the young man entered the room A look of shock and embarrassment crossed his face Yes, they had received George Washington Carver's entrance examination. Yes, he had passed. ...but unfortunately the college did not admit Negroes.

"It's a pity we didn't make that clear."

George Washington Carver smiled sadly, but without resentment. Yes, he was sorry too. He should have mentioned his race himself. Without any reference to the fact that the trip had left him penniless and hungry, he politely bowed his way out into the open air With a heavy heart, he slowly walked back to where he had left the small satchel which contained his few possessions. He was disappointed, but by no means beaten. If this college wouldn't admit him, he would find one that would.

After a year of working at odd jobs—cooking in a hotel, cleaning carpets, and any chores that he could find—he was accepted as a student at Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa After paying his entrance fees and setting up the equipment for his laundry venture, he had exactly ten cents in his pocket.

A nickel's worth of corn meal and another nickel's worth of beef suet fed him for a whole week before any business came his way. Soon, however, the courteous, pleasant-spoken young Negro attracted friends who gave him work, and he spent three productive years at Simpson College. In 18[illegible] he enrolled at Iowa State College. None of [illegible]

bitterness of his earlier experiences shadowed his personality. He became popular, not only because of his warm friendliness and sincerity, but the ever-widening variety of his interests and ability. He had a full-toned singing voice, and a gift for the piano which nearly won him over to the concert stage during his college days. Another accomplishment, art, stayed with the young scientist as a life-long hobby, and it influenced many of his later experiments.

The authorities at Iowa State College were so favourably impressed with young George Washington Carver's work that, upon the award of his Bachelor of Science degree in 1894, they offered him a teaching post in the chemistry laboratory. He stayed, and while he taught, he took two years of post-graduate work to earn his degree of Master of Science.

During those two years the young Negro chemist and teacher took under his wing a lad whose interest in the woods and fields was as ardent as his own. This youth, son of another teacher, "was an inquisitive youngster," as Dr. Carver later remarked admiringly, and he is proud today to admit his debt to the kindly Negro's patient guidance. He is Henry A. Wallace, former Secretary of Agriculture and now Vice-President of the United States.

Meanwhile, George Washington Carver's abilities were gaining reputation. In 1897 the late great Booker T. Washington, head of struggling Tuskegee Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama, asked the young agricultural chemist to join his staff.

Tuskegee Institute was just sixteen years old when Carver went there to add a Dapartment of Agricultural Chemistry to the fast-growing school. When its director had been asked by a former slave-owner to head this pioneer Negro school, it

was simply "40 students in a dilapidated shanty near the coloured Methodist Church" Today it has 100 buildings and 2,000 acres of land at its disposal, an endowment of two million dollars, and more than 1,500 eager students.

At the end of the past century, however, Booker T. Washington had little more to offer Carver than the home-spun invitation "I'd be proud if you would come here and let down your bucket."

Years later George Washington Carver sat in his cluttered study at Tuskegee and recalled that early invitation. "I did come here," he murmured softly. "I did let down my bucket. And every time I've pulled it up, it has been brimful and running over ..... running over"

After Professor Carver had taught for two years at Tuskegee, he took a leave of absence to return to Iowa State College to earn his degree of Doctor of Science As Doctor Carver, he at last considered himself prepared to begin the great work for which he felt God had called him

The first laboratory at Tuskegee was a triumph of enterprise, ingenuity, and resourcefulness There was no equipment, and no money with which to buy it. But Doctor Carver was right at home. He was starting this undertaking as he had started every other—with nothing.

He and his students spent their class periods rummaging through the trash piles in the alleys of Tuskegee. Empty bottles, tin cans, pieces of wire, and scrap of all kinds went into the furnishing of that first laboratory. Years were to pass before Tuskegee Institute could afford new equipment, but no one was ever happier with the most elaborate fittings than was Doctor Carver with his first p benches and perfume-bottle test-tubes.

Regardless of the equipment, there were grave problems to be attacked at once. Over the troubled South hung a cloud which threatened Negroes and whites alike. Cotton had always been the South's money crop, almost its only source of cash income. Cotton, and nothing but cotton, had been planted on those rolling fields since the South had been settled. No replenishing crops were ever grown to give the worn-out soil a chance to breathe, or to recover the essential minerals which cotton had taken away. The land was beginning to rebel.

The diminishing cotton yield was serious enough. But then the boll-weevil attacked the fields and ruined nearly all the crop that was left.

Doctor Carver concentrated on the situation almost as though he felt himself to blame for it. As in childhood, it was still his habit to rise at four o'clock in the morning and rove the woods in search of plants and flowers. Now he roved the cotton fields, and returned to his laboratory in the mornings laden with cotton plants and buckets of earth. On a twelve-acre patch of ground at the edge of town, he tested this crop and that to find a substitute for cotton. Long and careful chemical analysis, hour upon hour of back-breaking labour in the fields, night after night of study went into his work. At last, sure of his results, he was ready to speak.

The planters were desperate. "What are we going to do?" they cried. "The boll-weevil is ruining us!"

Doctor Carver had the answer.

"Plant sweet potatoes," he advised them in public meetings and in pamphlets distributed by the Institute. "Plant sweet potatoes, or better still, plant peanuts!"

The planters and farmers were slow to heed his advice. But in the course of his tireless crusade, Doctor Carver published the startling results of crop rotation on that twelve-acre patch which he himself was tending. That piece of land, planted in cotton, had lost five dollars per acre the year its owner abandoned it as hopeless Then Doctor Carver and his students had taken it over. The next year the plot showed a cash profit of $75 from a crop of sweet potatoes. The year after that a crop of peanuts produced a profit of $150 After twelve years of careful crop rotation and fertilizing, Doctor Carver raised a 500-pound bale of cotton on a single acre of that abandoned land ! Bale-an-acre land is the cream of the South

Here was a man who not only suggested a remedy for the farmers' problems, but went out to the soil and proved what he preached. A few farmers began planting "goobers," as they called peanuts ; then more and more The land was being revived. Money began to flow back to the Southern plantations.

Then an unforeseen complication appeared. Doctor Carver's crusade had succeeded too well. There were more peanuts than the market could buy ! Prices began to fall. It was not the land that was failing them now.

Doctor Carver felt personally responsible for the new problem. He had told the farmers what to plant He had caused the surplus of peanut production It was his problem to find a way out.

Now it was peanuts which Doctor Carver carried into his laboratory in the early mornings. He called upon every experience of his life to help him. He was a good cook. The peanut was good food ; it contained vitamins A and B—how about . . . dressing, shortening ? But surely there must be

for the peanut other than food. Also, he was an artist. Could peanut oil be used for paints and dyes ?

He first produced a dozen, then fifty brand-new products from the peanut. The market for the crop began to increase. Gradually a hundred items came out of the hard-working chemist's laboratory. Then one hundred and fifty, two hundred, and finally three hundred new products opened up the peanut market!

Next he tackled the sweet potato with the same scientific thoroughness Soon Doctor Carver was able to serve a complete meal, including "coffee," and tapioca for dessert, from sweet potato products alone. The items which he wrung out of that one common vegetable quickly numbered over a hundred.

The first World War saw "wheatless days" all over our country. Doctor Carver was experimenting at that time with a flour made from sweet potatoes. He made bread from this flour and tried it on the students at Tuskegee. They liked it When the process for making the flour was perfected, Doctor Carver gave it to the government for use in the army. It was received thankfully and used with great success.

The quiet, religious scientist not only gave away all of his ideas to anyone who could make use of them, he actually refused pay when it was offered. When the peanut-planters were harassed by a disease which threatened to ruin their now valuable peanut crop just as the boll-weevil had destroyed their cotton, they sent specimens to Doctor Carver. He put the problem to test and discovered a cure.

Anxious to show their appreciation, the grateful planters mailed him a substantial cheque and wrote

that he could expect an equal amount every month in the future. Doctor Carver mailed the cheque back with this characteristic note attached:

"God didn't charge anything for his work in making the peanut. I won't charge for my work in curing it."

He continued to live in the simplest style. Two small rooms in a dormitory, a mile and a half from his laboratory, were all that he ever wanted. Year in and year out he wore the same old alpaca jacket. When it wore out in a new spot, he patched it. He patched his own shoes. Every morning he still rose early to go hunting in the woods and fields, returning to his classroom with a few flowers in one hand and a bundle of sticks and weeds in the other. His only love affair came to nothing as a result of this habit. "I won't play second fiddle to a handful of weeds and flowers," the girl said, and that was the end of the romance Doctor Carver is still a bachelor.

Dothan, Alabama, is the capital of the Peanut Belt. In 1900 it was a sleepy, out-at-elbow town of about 3,000 population By 1937 it was a bustling city of 20,000 prosperous people. In 1900 scarcely fifty tons of peanuts were grown in the whole world. Soon the area within fifty miles around Dothan alone was producing 75,000 tons of goobers From a worthless crop peanuts grew into a million-dollar-a-year industry!

The modest, slender Negro who brought about this happy revolution was well into middle age when the nation as a whole came to know him. That was in 1923 when he was awarded the Spingarn Medal, presented annually for the most distinguished achievement by an American citizen of African descent. And through it all he remained a qu[illegible] humble, unpretentious man whose sole [illegible]

Committee late one hot afternoon. Of the several speakers scheduled to be heard, Doctor Carver was the last. Each speaker was allowed exactly fifteen minutes, and there were timers present to make sure that no one exceeded the limit.

By the time Doctor Carver rose to speak, the Congressmen were thoroughly tired. Some openly dozed, chins resting on their propped palms. Others were hidden behind newspapers The Ways and Means Committee made no secret of its boredom over the whole subject of peanuts

Not more than two or three of the men even looked up as the old Negro, wearing coat and trousers which didn't match, stood to plead for the interests of his people A rose, picked fresh that morning, drooped from his lapel His high-laced shoes shone with a polish he himself had made from peanut oil. In his soft, somewhat high-pitched voice, Doctor Carver launched into his story about the peanut.

"I said to my Creator, 'Why did You make the peanut?' Then I tried to find out why—" he started from the beginning.

There had been mumbling among the Committee members when he began to speak. It dwindled away. Newspapers rattled as they were folded up. Heads rose from the crooks of tired Congressmen's arms.

Simply and truthfully, just the way it had all happened, Doctor Carver told them the story. Exactly one minute over his allotted fifteen, he sat down. There was a short silence. All eyes were on the venerable Negro.

A Congressman leaped to his feet.

"Go on, sir! Tell us more."

The call was taken up by the others. More ......more !

Doctor Carver rose slowly. The deep kindly smile which touched his eyes endeared him to the worldly, cynical audience before him He told them about all the products which he had produced from the peanut. He told them about his first laboratory.

That Committee which had grudgingly allotted fifteen minutes to the speakers from the South kept Doctor Carver on the floor for two solid hours ! And when the bill was passed shortly afterwards, the peanut was included in its list of protected products.

The carpet-bagging aftermath of the Civil War left scant welcome in the South for an educated Negro But as Doctor George Washington Carver grew older, whites and Negroes alike pointed to him with pride. The old white aristocracy even urged others of his race to follow in his footsteps. "It would be strange, indeed," one writer noted, "if a member of the liberated race should in turn liberate a large part of the South "

Through long years of steady useful accomplishment and utterly simple living, Doctor Carver accumulated a little over $100,000 He had made no effort to gain such an amount. In fact he once refused a yearly salary of that sum offered him by the Edison Foundation. In 1933, $70,000 of his savings were wiped away in a bank crash. When told about it, he simply smiled and said, "I guess somebody found a use for it. I wasn't using it myself."

It never occurred to him that he could stop working and retire Work was his life, and, besides, the more he did, the more he found to do.

He never owned an automobile, or even a hat.

His favourite mode of travel was on foot so that he could "see what was going on." His apparel was always rather thrown together, starting with an old checked cap, slouchy dark coat, and baggy, speckled pants. It was only with the greatest difficulty that his colleagues induced him to wear the academic cap and gown even when a bronze plaque in his honour was unveiled at Tuskegee in 1931. He was nearly seventy at the time.

An article by James S. Childers in the *American Magazine* gives an amusing picture of that occasion.

"The speaker presenting the plaque made a long and eloquent speech When he sat down, there was a terrific applause, and everyone looked at Doctor Carver, who was doing his best to hide behind a fan he had made out of corn-shucks and a turkey bone. The applause continued, until finally Robert S. Moton, principal of the Institute, called on him for a speech. The old man promptly shrivelled back into his robes ; all that could be seen of him was one heavily patched shoe waggling nervously. Doctor Moton repeated the request. Two professors bent over Doctor Carver, urging him to come out from behind that corn-shuck fan and address the audience.

"When he finally did appear, there was a storm of applause. He rose, untangled himself from his robes, and shambled to the front of the platform."

"For a moment Doctor Carver fussed with the front of his gown; then he gave up trying to arrange it properly. He began his address. 'I never wore one of these things before,' he said, shaking a handful of his robes at the audience, 'and I'll never wear one again.' Fanning hard with his corn-shuck fan, he left the platform, went back to his laboratory, and completed an experiment by which he made potash from chinaberry ashes......"

Doctor Carver's love covers many things. In fact it is hard to imagine anything for which he has no kindness or pity. Instead of hate, he has horror; and his horror covers three fields in general—waste, laziness, and people who are idly curious.

"Curiosity is the worst thing in the world," the old man will comment with an emphatic shake of his silvery head, "unless it gets you somewhere. It takes real hard work along with it to make it the best"

In 1939 the Roosevelt Memorial Award was granted to Doctor Carver The following year he himself gave away every penny of his remaining savings towards the founding of the Carver Creative Research Laboratories which were being built at Tuskegee Institute.

These laboratories represent contributions of two million dollars. It is planned to include eight units for advanced study and experimentation in agronomy, bacteriology, botany, biology, creative chemistry, mycology, plant genetics, and art and ceramics. Besides this, an Infantile Paralysis Clinic has been set up as a part of the laboratories which bear the now almost saintly Doctor's name. This Clinic specializes in an infantile paralysis treatment Doctor Carver himself discovered—and the basis of it is an oil. Yes, peanut oil!

Quietly smiling, he has refused money, reward, or even praise for all that he has done.

Out of nothing, the sickly child who was traded for a horse has overcome more handicaps than most of us will ever know Out of nothing he has created things of everlasting value to all mankind, regardless of colour. And after giving away all he had, he has wanted nothing in return—except to give thanks!



Yehudi Menuhin

THE PRODIGY WHO MADE GOOD

Every so often a Sunday editor says to a feature writer, "Joe, I hear that kid who graduated from Harvard at the age of eight is a dishwasher at Spivack's now Go out and see if there's a feature in him."

Next Sunday, the headline asks, "Where are the Prodigies of Yesteryear?"

The path of the child prodigy, like that of the man-most-likely-to-succeed, is supposed to lead to obscurity. Usually it does, but not always. Once in a while there comes along the exception who proves the rule.

Yehudi Menuhin prodigy of yesterday, is a genius of today, and perhaps an immortal of tomorrow.

A prodigy, the dictionary will tell you, is someone "extraordinary, outside the course of nature." The definition fitted Yehudi as snugly as his little velvet breeches when, at the age of five, he tucked a half-sized violin under his chubby chin and performed difficult classical compositions with the virtuosity and feeling of a mature artist It fitted him still more snugly when he was ten and a brilliant success on the concert stage. Feature writers, even as they rapped out the praise for the wonder child, made mental notes to look him up in a few years. "Ex Prodigy," they knew from experience, would be "Found Fiddling for Cakes."

But Yehudi Menuhin broke all the rules Today, a man, and judged not as "good for a child," but on his merits as a mature musician, he is acknowledged to be one of the great violinists of all time. The ex-Prodigy is "Found Fiddling for Kings."

His childhood ability definitely was prodigious, but his later success is outside the course of nature only to those who do not know the Menuhin family story. Nature, which gave Yehudi the hands and soul of a musician, gifted his parents with simplicity and wisdom.

"The Menuhin parents," the newpapers reported as Yehudi approached the end of childhood, "still hold first place as the wisest of prodigy guides." The story of Yehudi is the story of a sensible, music-loving family.

Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, Yehudi's parents, were both born in Russia and educated in Palestine, where they met as children When they came to America to study and live, they met again while both were attending New York University. There was much in common between these two young people. Both had left their homeland for a strange, new country. Both, with the newcomer's appreciation of the opportunities we take for granted, had adopted the new country for their own Both were passionately fond of concerts, operas, and recitals. Money meant little to the young lovers as long as there was work to do for them in the New World; music and books were their passion.

They married, and their first child was born on April 22, 1916. The World War was then at its height, and these two sensitive people who loved the lilt of a rhapsody far more than the rattle of a machine gun prayerfully named their son Yehudi. Yehudi means "the Jew," and Menuhin means "peace." (The first name, by the way, is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, the family name is accented on the first—YehuDI MENoom.)

Before the boy was a year old, Moshe went to California, to open a model school for the Jewish Educational Society The pay was meager, but California would be a fine, healthful climate in which to raise their baby, so the family happily moved west.

Yehudi's first visit to a concert came scarcely a year later in San Francisco. The story runs that his parents were "inspired" at his conduct. The truth is that though they were pleased at the way the baby acted, mostly they were relieved.

The afternoon before the concert Marutha Menuhin was rocking two-year-old Yehudi when

Moshe burst into the room. His eyes were alight, and his black tie had slipped off to one side. "Look, dear, look! Tickets for the concert tomorrow!"

Marutha stopped rocking, tenderly passed one hand over her baby's forehead, and smiled inquiringly.

"I saved the money," Moshe answered before his wife could ask. "I saved it a little at a time to have a suprise for you"

It was plain that Marutha was happy, but there was worry, too, in her expression "But, Moshe," she asked, "what about the little one? We don't know anyone here, and I couldn't stand leaving him with a stranger even if one would be so kind Besides we cannot afford the dollar to pay a woman to come in."

"Leave him?" Moshe replied "Who said anything about leaving him?"

He leaned down and chucked the quiet, wide-eyed baby under the plump chin. "We'll take him along!" he said, laughing "You like music, don't you, little one? Sure, you do!"

High in the balcony of San Francisco's Curran Theatre that afternoon, restless music lovers looked askance at the baby nestling on his father's lap. The balconies take their music seriously, and there were mutterings of "rules against that sort of thing." So far the child had been well enough behaved, but as soon as the music started he'd be sure to become restless. Moshe and Marutha caught the glances, and wished they weren't in the middle of a row.

Then the music started. Yehudi didn't fuss, cry, crunch crackers, ask for water, nor want to know why the funny man waved the little stick.

He listened.

His uneasy neighbours relaxed and let the music flood over them, and his proud father hugged him closer, happy to find the makings of a new music lover in his little family. After that there was no worry about finding someone to look after the baby when the Menuhins wanted to enjoy a concert. Yehudi went with them, was always good as gold, and quietly absorbed everything that went on before him.

When he was three, he began to sit in a big chair and make awkward motions with his chubby arms, imitating the movements of playing a violin. One night Moshe brought home a little toy violin as a plaything for the baby.

At the sight of the toy instrument little Yehudi's wide blue eyes took fire and he reached out happily. Moshe and Marutha stood with their arms around each other, watching. Yehudi fussed with the toy some minutes and then, after his father had reached down and helped him tuck it under his chin, he drew the short bow across the loose metal strings with a mighty flourish.

The sound was an unearthly, grating squeak. Moshe and Marutha looked at each other and laughed They guessed they would just have to put up with the noise Then they looked at Yehudi again.

Instead of the grinning or chortling that might have been expected of a baby, he seemed puzzled and disappointed A full minute passed before he drew the bow across the strings again. This time he made no wild flourish, but tested the different strings with short, tentative strokes. It was still discordant, tuneless. Gradually all the happiness died from his eyes. In place of the delighted squeals which his parents had expected to accompany the squawking tones, Yehudi frowned and kept silent.

Then his temper rose. He climbed up onto the chair as high as he could, and with one great swing, threw the disappointing toy to the floor, breaking it to pieces.

"It won't sing," he wailed, and repeated over and over, "It won't sing!"

Moshe stepped forward, thinking to put away the disappointing gift.

"Wait, dear," said Marutha "Didn't you hear him say it wouldn't sing? He has a sensitive ear to music, and for that we should be very glad."

Marutha was right. Yehudi was crying now. Moshe picked him up and tried to comfort him.

"Never mind, my little one," he said "As soon as I can, I'll get you one that will sing."

Marutha mentioned the incident in a letter to Yehudi's grandmother, who answered by sending money to buy a real, half-sized violin for the youngster. Yehudi proved the wisdom of the gift by treating it with care and delight. Simple melodies came to him easily, without teaching, and although he was barely able to walk and talk, his parents were already whittling at their budget to make music lessons possible for him.

Sigmund Anker of San Francisco became his first teacher, soon followed by Louis Persinger, the first violinist of the San Francisco Symphony. Yehudi had always begged to have Persinger for his teacher. At concerts he would watch this master throughout the whole performance, never taking his eyes off the violinist for a minute. Then on the way home, Yehudi would plead to be taught by "that man."

Persinger was doubtful at first. Certainly, h had heard of child prodigies, but—this was onl baby! He finally agreed, partly as the res

the parents' insistence, and partly because he thought perhaps the child would give up the whole idea after a few stiff lessons.

Difficult lessons didn't discourage Yehudi, however. In fact, he liked them that way. By the time he was five, he was playing quite difficult classical compositions, and a year later he made his first public appearance at a children's concert.

The critics who saw him could hardly believe what they saw, much less what they heard Yehudi was short, plump and healthy. His full pink cheeks glowed from the sunshine and open air. Soft light hair fell in straight lines over his forehead, and his clear blue eyes, though deep, were childishly merry Best of all, there was nothing affected about him. He looked more like the winner of a Healthy-Baby Contest than a concert violinist, and yet he played with astonishing ability.

Of course, the word soon spread Offers began to pour in from agents and promoters who wanted to profit by Yehudi's youthful genius. The offers were fantastic ; there was another baby, Hephzibah, in the family now, and money was scarcer than ever. Anything extra could be very well used, and some of the offers amounted to more money than Moshe made in a lifetime But wisely the parents never faltered.

The course was set. For the next four years, Yehudi studied hard, acquiring a musical and cultural education, making the fingers of his left hand flexible and responsive, and learning how to bow so that his right wrist developed a steadiness and sure, smooth control Meanwhile a second sister, Yaltah, was born. And throughout that time Moshe Menuhin refused offer after offer from people, including offers from Hollywood companies, who

clamoured to commercialize the young genius in his household.

The children never went to formal school. Moshe and Marutha taught them at home. They climbed on stools and chairs in the kitchen where a blackboard was propped up on a table, and learned their lessons from their mother as she went about the housework. In the evenings Moshe patiently listened to what they had learned, and added arithmetic and classical literature to their knowledge. Later on when tutors were called in to replace the family sessions, they found ten-year-old Yehudi at least five years ahead of the average student. The musical prodigy, who would have been forgiven had he known nothing but music, spoke not only Hebrew and English, but also French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian, which he studied and mastered under cultured teachers in each country; he delighted in poetry, and read classical literature for relaxation.

From the toddling age, Yehudi could read music as freely as most of us read print When he grew a little older, a startling fact developed · a single reading of a score was usually enough for him to memorize it. Today he can play almost the entire violin literature from memory. The discovery of this photographic memory dates back to an illness which kept Yehudi in bed for several weeks when he was six. To pass the tedious time he studied the score of the entire Spohr D-minor concerto. When he was well again, he found that he could play the whole difficult composition without *referring* to a single note. This faculty is more than a mere showy accomplishment. It contributes *enormously* to Yehudi's musicianship, for it permits *him* to think not of the notes, but of the feeling and meaning which they represent.

By the time he was nine, Yehudi had appeared in only eight concerts, and none of those were for money. Those concerts were spaced and arranged to discover his reaction to audiences from time to time Each one was followed by a deluge of offers from promoters who, citing the short professional lives of other child prodigies, warned that Moshe Menuhin was foolish not to "get while the getting was good." None of them could really believe that the parents of the wonder child were honestly more interested in his youthful health, happiness, and his ture than their own present.

But Moshe held his ground. "Yehudi," he said, "is not for sale."

On March 30, 1925, Yehudi, at ten, made his professional debut with an orchestra. He played Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, with his proud teacher, Louis Persinger, conducting the San Francisco Symphony. There in that same auditorium to which he had been brought as a baby, the rolypoly boy with the half-sized violin thrilled an audience with his perfect performance And San Francisco concert audiences are not easy to please.

That year passed slowly in the Menuhin household Yehudi practiced for just three hours a day, never more and never less. Three more hours were spent playing in the park with other children, or hiking with his sisters, Hephzibah and Yaltah, in the neighbouring hills. Fresh air was as important as the violin in his schedule, for he was going to be no pale, ethereal prodigy For their daily airing, exercise, and relaxation, the whole family would load up their old touring car and go off on a picnic for two or three hours.

The first big trip began in November, 1925. Moshe and Marutha dressed the two little girls and

the chubby little boy in their best clothes, and they all went to New York. After a short tour there, the family spent some two years in Europe, where the children studied music and languages, and acquired a culture broadening and deepening through later years of travel and residence—more than nine years in all The thought that their adventure might fail never entered their minds. How could anything fail which had demanded so much sacrifice and preparation?

In Paris, Yehudi—still only eleven years old—was taken to hear a recital by the famous violinist and composer, Georges Enesco. The recital was a farewell engagement, following which Enesco was leaving for a tour in his native Roumania

The composer's dressing room after the performance was crowded with friends, critics and reviewers Round-faced, solemn little Yehudi squeezed his way through the crowd and planted himself squarely in front of the famous man.

"I want to see you," Yehudi said

Enesco looked up, surprised He momentarily flushed with annoyance, but the youngster's clear blue eyes, searching directly into his own, softened him and brought a laugh instead of a rebuke.

"Certainly," replied Enesco, smiling. "You have something for me to sign, I supppose An autograph?"

"No," Yehudi answered "I want to see you about something important"

Now Enesco was really at a loss. Half-humorously, he asked, "What is your name, little boy?"

The child's reply brought back a flood of remembrance. The previous year, when Enesco was New York, he had heard from another fine

Kneisel, about a little boy whose talents were rare. Gravely then the master musician made an appointment for the youngster to come to his studio.

Next morning at six o'clock Yehudi appeared at the studio exactly on the dot. "I want to study with you," he announced without any preliminary talk.

"Well," replied Enesco, who was hurrying to catch the morning train, "play something and we shall see. Play anything"

Yehudi did. Enesco kept on about his work for a few minutes, then slowly dropped into a chair and let his arm fall limply at his sides. His eyes fastened on the chubby little boy who stood before him playing like a master. It was fascinating, thrilling. When Yehudi had finished, Enesco did not speak for a long time.

"Well, sir?" Yehudi asked.

Enesco did not answer for a moment His mind was racing far beyond what he had just heard. He saw before him a new star, a scholar who would *continue the old traditions of art.*

"Well, sir!" Yehudi asked again. "May I study with you?"

"Oh...oh, that!" Enesco stammered, coming back to the present "Yes, yes, certainly you may!"

The Menuhins stayed in Pairs while Enesco was away on his tour, and as soon as he returned, Yehudi became his pupil. Meanwhile Gerard Hekking, a noted French cellist, had heard Yehudi practizing at home and was amazed at the lad's artistry. Hekking went *immediately to the conductor of the* Lamoureux Concerts and asked him to hear the wonder child.

That gentleman's response was the usual one. "I have no time to hear child prodigies."

"You are making a mistake," Hekking replied. "I'll bring him over."

Yehudi Menuhin made his Paris debut two weeks later. As always, his success was instantaneous. Yehudi became an earnest pupil under Enesco, with whom he developed a great friendship.

"We must limit his concerts," Enesco said. "Give him time to study, to grow."

Moshe and Marutha were in full agreement with Enesco They were happy to have Enesco's interests in their child.

"Of course," said Enesco, "I can only make music with him, not teach Persinger has given him a marvellous technique, but there are other things. He must learn the history of music, its evolution, and all its forms He must read the biographies of musicians, study their lives and learn *why* their music was written. Above all, he must watch and make the work fully alive, expressive and persuasive."

From that time on the Menuhins, all of them, settled in Paris so that Yehudi could study under Enesco. Probably no other man could have so expertly guided Yehudi's difficult transition from prodigy to mature artist, for Enesco had travelled the same road A child prodigy himself, he had entered the Roumanian Conservatory of Music at the age of seven, and won its grand medal of honour at eleven. He had faced the same skepticism and conquered it.

During a visit to America Yehudi played Beethoven's Concerto at the Manhattan Opera House on November 25, 1927. The inetrnationally fame

conductor Fritz Busch conducted the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was a strange sight, the little boy in dark knee pants and flowing white blouse standing alone in the spotlight before the severely formal orchestra. He looked so tiny, so out of place, and the audience out there in the darkness was so large and menacing.

The large audience found it hard to believe that a child was actually playing the music they heard. Men who had grumbled about being dragged off to hear "some kid fiddler" soon forgot their apprehensions Yehudi triumphed, immediately and wholeheartedly. Ten times the roaring applause brought him back before the curtains.

Fritz Busch ran up to the happy parents as soon as it was over. "I couldn't believe it," he said. "I just couldn't believe that he could play like that. And so calm, no nerves at all!"

"His self-control is both native and nurtured," answered Moshe clamly "He has the self-control of his grandfather, a rabbi who walks always in the shadows of a synagogue, keeping the fasts and repeating his prayers"

The critics next day lavished praises on Yehudi. He didn't see the newspapers; in fact, he never saw any of his notices until he was old enough not to let it turn his head He was allowed to stay up an hour beyond his usual bedtime the night after the concert, had a plateful of strawberry ice cream, and as far as he knew that was all the reward his playing was worth.

There weeks latter a success in Carnegie Hall marked the beginning of Yehudi's recital triumphs. But the public launching of the "child prodigy" was just another step, not the end of Moshe and Marutha's plans for their talented boy. Continuous

European study was next, and while managers from New York and all parts of the United States were still asking for more, the whole family embarked for France.

Yehudi's twelfth birthday was quite an occasion. He had a party, he was allowed to stay up until very late—and the New York banker, Mr. Henry Goldman, gave him the famous Princess Khevehueller violin, a $60,000 Stradivarius, which the boy selected himself out of sixteen valuable instruments.

"This is one of the most marvellous Strads on earth," said Efrem Zimbalist, the noted Russo-American violinist, "and Yehudi is a fitting owner."

The history of the two-centuries-old instrument is thrilling in itself Antonio Stradivari, the violin maker of Cremona, was ninety years old in 1733 when he made this instrument, signed in Latin with his own signature, for the Princess Khevenhueller of Vienna. It was a breath-takingly beautiful piece of workmanship, its thick yellow varnish darkened with the years to a rich red The secret of Stradivari's varnish, soft in texture and shading from orange to red, has been debated and probed since his death, but has never been re-discovered The Princess' violin passed from her to Professor Bohm, who treasured the instrument so highly that he allowed only one of his pupils, the great Joseph Joachim of Germany, to play it. After Bohm's death it was sold by his family to a very rich collector in old St. Petersburg, and again it was permitted to be played by only one artist. During the violent days of the 1917 revolution, the instrument was smuggled out of Russia by its owner and later sold to Henry Goldman in New York. When Mr. Goldman heard the young master, he knew that here was one worthy of the treasure, and " Yehudi became its fifth custodian in a great l

Yehudi now possesses eight glorious instruments, seven of them the gifts of admirers from all parts of the world. One of them is a famous Guarnarius.

London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Zurich, Rome, Madrid, Vienna, Budapest, Johannesburg, Capetown, Sydney, Melbourne—in the next few years their streets became as familiar to the adolescent Yehudi as Market Street in his native San Francisco. In London the concert hall advertised only to warn that there were no tickets left on sale. Triumph piled on triumph, but the Menuhin schedule never relaxed, four months of the year, never more, on tour, then eight months "to be a boy again." The family had bought a home in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Los Gatos not far from San Francisco, and no offer could lure them from it when a tour was completed. They called it Mo-Ma-Ye-He-Ya, taking the first syllable from each of their names.

Eminent musicians from all over the world visited there. They found Yehudi a bundle of contradictions between great artist and just plain boy. He would soberly discuss musicians and musical history with his international visitors, play heavenly chamber music far into the morning hours, six to ten hours daily—and then wheedle them into a game. He would play the violin for them with humility, and drag them out on the front porch to watch him ride his bicycle no-hands. He loved Bach, collected first manuscripts of musical compositions, and wolfed strawberry ice cream sodas. He could philosophize with the greatest minds among his stream of visitors, and then tell them of his latest mechanical inventions. He was a man and a boy all at once, with disarming reality and amazing depth. Once little Yaltah, playing with the scissors, so ruined her whole head of hair

that it had to be shaved; so in sympathy he and Sister Hephzibah asked their mother to shave their heads also, and important concerts had to be cancelled until Yehudi was presentable again.

Practice was pure enjoyment to him. He would lock himself in his room so that no one, not even his family, could disturb him, and completely lose himself in his work. His fingers developed until the string-fingers of his left hand were a half-inch longer than the fingers of his right hand For better control he played slow movements rapidly, and fast movements slowly, and he jumped for certain notes because that was harder than merely reaching for them He practised trills for all his fingers, and played rapid, precise staccato passages with an untightened bow. Three hours of daily practice continued to be his schedule. When that was over, he was ready for swimming, tennis, or badminton, hiking or bicycling and, in the evenings, reading and study.

Meanwhile Sister Hephzibah was fast becoming a child prodigy in her own right. She played the piano from the time she was able to sit up at a keyboard, and Moshe and Marutha soon had two problems, nor just one, on their hands.

"Hephzibah can play and appear with Yehudi while she is a child," Marutha agreed, "but I don't want her to make a career of music. I want her to marry young and have a home and a family. Later on she can do as she pleases."

The whole family set out on a world tour in 1934. Yehudi was seventeen: slender, smooth-faced, and handsome Pretty, dark-eyed Hephzibah was nearly four years younger. The two youngsters walking out on the stage hand in hand made a heart-warning appearance. The would [illegible] wardly, but naturally, then Hephzibah the piano stool while Yehudi took his

by. They "sang their music" perfectly, for they knew not only what music was, but what it meant; and they were a sensational success.

The world tour took them for a trip of 75,000 miles. Yehudi played in seventy-three cities in *thirteen countries, and enjoyed an endless succession* of triumphs and encores. Audiences simply refused to let him go. The world took him to its heart.

France was in turmoil at the time Yehudi and Hephzibah appeared there The afternoon before one of their Paris concerts, French Premier Edouard Herriot had resigned his post, discourged and down at heart.

"There is nothing for me," he said, "except to go hear Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin play."

The effect on the broken-spirited man was great. That night when he and the Menuhins exchanged autographs backstage, Herriot gayly signed his, "The unemployed minister of state."

At a joint sonata recital in New York in 1936, the great conductor Arturo Toscanini stood up and applauded with the rest of the audience, then sent a note back-stage asking for a Mozart sonata for an encore. Later Yehudi played often for that famous musician. Once while playing Yehudi, noticed an intent expression on the old man's face, and he stopped.

"Go on, son," said Toscanini, "you do not know how to make a mistake!" And to Toscanini, the word "mistake" meant not an error in notes, but—far deeper—a misunderstanding of what the composer of the notes had intended them to say.

The world tour ended where it had begun, in San Francisco. The Menuhin family returned to the ranch at *Los Gatos and the news was given to* the world that the nineteen-year-old Yehudi was

retiring as a prodigy. The newspapers speculated as to his future. Ex-prodigy would be found—where?

After nearly two years of quiet study and development, Yehudi returned to the concert stage on September 30, 1937. In white tie and tails, as befitted a grown man of twenty-one, he stepped on the familiar stage of the San Francisco Opera House for the test of his worth In a few minutes Yehudi Menuhin would take place with the great musicians of all times—or he would be on his way to obscurity.

Now the old advantage of childhood was gone, and he stood on his own two feet as a man, to be measured not against other children, but against Heifetz, Kreisler, Enesco, and the other masters. Yehudi's childhood fame had overnight turned from halo to handicap. The audience, the critics the whole musical world was waiting. Would they shake their heads at his performance and say sadly, "How pitiful! But then, of course, he was a child prodigy and you know what that means!"

Some critics, as they rustled their programmes, may have framed their lead-lines. "Child Prodigy Menuhin, in his first adult test, last night presented a pitiful spectacle as he .."

Yehudi made them write new ones

The years of work, study, and practice, the deep culture, personal care, world travellings, and the long period of contemplation during his retirement had made him a true artist The cloak of "prodigy" was cast off as the audience roared its approval and delight. The critics turned over their programmes and began to scribble, "Joining the august company of Mozart, Enesco, and other prodigies who made goc[illegible] last night Yehudi Menuhin..."

When Yehudi slipped into his dressing room after the concert, he kissed his mother tenderly and gratefully. No one knew better than he that he owed much to his parents. It was their guidance, their sacrifices, and their patient wisdom which had put him where he was. His reward was the greatest any son or daughter can experience : he had fulfilled his parents' faith

In the music world, the year 1938 belonged to the Menuhins The features-writers had a field day. First of all, Yehudi had become twenty-one, a man and a master violinist Second, he introduced Robert Schumann's "lost" Concerto, an act which aroused dispute and international complications. Third, he became engaged. And fourth, "They All Got Married."

Yehudi's introduction of the lost Concerto made his reappearance in the concert world unforgettable. The composition was a success largely because of Yehudi's enthusiasm for it, and the arguments which it aroused led to some tall tales. Nothing could have better tested not only his maturity as an artist, but his ability as a judge of music.

Eighty-odd years ago, the romantic composer Robert Schumann wrote this composition, his last work. He entrusted it to his good friend Joachim, the German violinist. Joachim studied the work and, judging it not quite up to Schumann's standard, he refused to permit its publication. In his will Joachim consigned the manuscript to the Prussian State Library, with the stipulation that it must not be played until one hundred years after Schumann's death : that is, 1956. For many years the concerto had rested in the archives of that library. Its existence was known, but no attempt was made to break Joachim's will.

In 1937 a strange story began to seep out of England. Mme d' Aranyi, a well-known Hungarian violinist, and her sister were staying in the home of the Swedish Ambassador to England, Baron Palmstierna They reported that they were receiving spiritual messages from an unknown spirit, and that the messages requested them to perform a work for the violin, the nature and location of which had not as yet been made known to them. Eventually the spirit introduced himself to them as Robert Schumann, who identified the work as the concerto which he had left with Joachim The spirit of Joachim was then also summoned to consultation, and he suggested that the manuscript might be found in the Hall of Music of Berlin.

Baron Palmstierna went to Berlin, searched through the archives of the Hall of Music and, not finding the manuscript, decided to try the Prussian State Library There it was, and there, said the librarian, it had always been if anyone had asked.

Joachim's will, of course, prohibited the performance of the piece, The authorities did not believe in the spirits, and for a while the matter was dropped. Then a Berlin publishing house sought out Joachim's heirs and Schumann's only living relative, his daughter Eugenie and asked them to withdraw the stipulation in the will which held up publication of the work They refused.

The publishing house sent a photostatic copy of the script to Yehudi in 1937. He wrote back that he thought the concerto was a great work and should be released at once Meanwhile Mme. d'Aranyi claimed certain spiritual rights to the piece, and announced that she would play it. Under the mounting pressure Joachim's heirs and Schumann's daughter finally surrendered. A race d[illegible] oped, with Mme. d'Aranyi in England a[illegible]

Menuhin in America both preparing to premiere the work. Then Herr Hitler stepped in. If anyone had a right to introduce the work to the world, he said, a German did.

Yehudi postponed his performance four times to avoid trouble for the German publisher, his friend. The German government had the concerto played and broadcast by a German violinist in November, 1937, and Yehudi then felt free to go ahead. He gave the work its American premiere at a concert with the St Louis Symphony Orchestra on December 23, 1937. Mme. d' Aranyi introduced the work in England in February, 1938. Yehudi was the only one who played and recorded it in its original urtext edition.

Critical comment on the concerto was fervid and conflicting. Yehudi nevertheless included the work in all of his major concerts on his American-European tour. Yehudi pointed out that all it needed was to be listened to without prejudice. Before the tour was over, Yehudi had won the musical world to his side of the argument, and a great concerto was added to violin literature. This work is but one of an unprecedented number which the young scholar has discovered or introduced to the musical world. Research work has always been a joy to Yehudi

In May of 1938 the newspapers announced Yehudi's engagement to Nola Nicholas, of Melbourne, Australia. Less than a week later they carried the news that Hephzibah was to marry Nola's brother And the day after that, Yaltah, the younger sister, announced her engagement to an American. Yehudi met his prospective bride in London. Just before a concert in the vast Royal Albert Hall, his accompanist lost his music. The manager, by appealing to the audience for copies,

secured some , then Yehudi amazed his listeners by his generosity in adding numerous selections for the violin alone. The concert was a rare triumph. Among the congratulating thousands was Nola Nicholas. The Nicholas family later visited the Menuhins at Los Gatos, and the rest was included in what the newspapers termed "The Year They All Got Married "

"I'm glad," said Marutha Menuhin "I'm glad first because they are all so happy, and then too because it means that neither of the girls will sacrifice their lives for musical careers."

So Los Gatos at last became home only to Yehudi's parents. He and his wife established themselves nearby on a wooded, mountainous estate at Alma. In the spring of 1940, the papers which had so recently been printing pictures of the child Yehudi began printing pictures of Yehudi's child.

Yehudi named his daughter Zamira, which has meaning in both the Russian and Hebrew tongues. It means "peace" in Russian and "nightingale" in Hebrew. His young son is called Krov, which in Russian signifies "blood," and in Hebrew, "war."

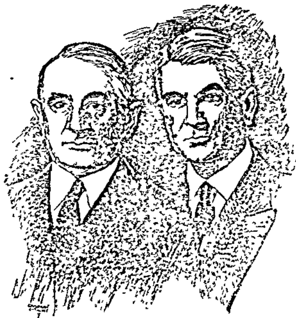
The war in Europe caused a postponement of the 1939-40 European tour and another fully planned world tour, but the advantage fell to Australia, South America, and the United States. Yehudi toured the concert stages of these countries and reached listeners who otherwise would never have heard him The "Ex-prodigy," confounding the prophecies, "is Found Playing for the Millions."

These millions were found in army and camps, and at the benefit concerts for many

welfare groups, refugee aids, and war relief organizations to which he continuously devoted his talent. Under the auspices of the Pan American movement he planned a good-will tour to all our sister republics.

"When this war is over," he said recently, "the people of the world will be more in need of music than ever to heal wounds and prejudices."

And for this need of tomorrow, ths prodigy of yesterday, the artist of today, is ready.



The Mayos

DOCTOR WILL AND DOCTOR CHARLIE

In 1855 the people around Rochester, Minnesota, were so healthy that a newly-arrived doctor had to take up surveying and Mississippi river-boating to eke out a living Today a full quarter of the twenty-six thousand people in Rochester are in hospitals, or undergoing some form of medical treatment.

Rochester folks themselves are just as healthy, probably healthier, than they ever were. But [illegible] new doctor who moved into that community [illegible]

a century ago was William Worrall Mayo, the father of "Doctor Will" and "Doctor Charlie" Mayo. He broke the ground upon which his sons, the famous Mayo brothers, have built the most widespread medical practice the world has ever known.

The five thousand ailing people who make up the floating population of Rochester come from all over the world, by airplane special train, and automobile; some even hitchhike More than 700 new patients arrive daily In one way or another, whether through an enthusiastic ex-patient in Buenos Aires or a graduate doctor in Siam, the Mayo Clinic is famous throughout the world. Yet the Clinic is and will always be located where the lives of its founders were spent, in that otherwise obscure and quiet little town of Rochester, Minnesota.

Numerous cities in the United States owe their growth and importance to a specialty. Usually the specialty is industrial Detroit makes automobiles, Pittsburgh makes steel, Akron makes rubber goods. Rochester, Minnesota, makes sick people well. It is not only a specialty town, it is a town of specialists in the most highly specialized profession in the world medicine.

The Mayo brothers were among the first to recognize the growing complexity of medicine and the growing need for specialists in its many fields. At the same time, they recognized the danger in carrying specialization too far A doctor whose knowledge was concentrated on heart ailments, for instance, might let another ailment go undetected until too late So the Mayo brothers wisely brought all the specialists together under one roof, and the result is the Mayo Clinic. If the Clinic were a garage, we'd say it offered a "complete one-stop service."

What the Clinic is and what it does is the story of the Mayos, the brothers and their father. They

have left much more than a memory behind them, the Clinic is a living and growing monument to their wisdom and experience Their almost infinite knowledge and experience lives on, not just to be added to, but multiplied, so that sickness can be divided, subtracted, and eventually erased

Long before the Clinic, the five great hospitals, and the several hotel-hospitals of Rochester were even thought of, Doctor William Worrall Mayo, aided by his two young sons, was performing his difficult operations in the spare bedrooms of friendly neighbours. It was as natural for these boys to help their father with his surgery as it is to other youngsters to run errands or wipe off the family car.

Many years ago the doctors of surrounding counties began to bring their patients to "the Little Doctor" for advice and help. In one case when an immediate operation proved necessary, Will, aged thirteen, and Charlie, only nine, were called to help. They had first to locate a neighbour with a suitable bedroom, where they could carry over and set up the portable operating table. Accustomed to their tasks, both boys had everything ready in good time. They then rushed back to their father's office to help carry a young woman patient to the "operating room."

While little Charlie lit the soldering torch to sterilize the instruments, the others lifted the young woman onto the table. The anxious doctor who had brought the patient to Doctor Mayo stood by her head, ready to administer the anesthetic. Young Will sorted out the instruments—many of them forged by the local blacksmith out of sickle teeth from an old grain reaper—and stood beside his father ready with the swabs and antiseptics. Doctor Mayo signalled for the anesthetic The patient lay motionless, and the operation began.

Charlie, at nine, was so short for his age that he was barely able to see over the patient's body on the table, but he carried the instruments swiftly and quietly from the heating torch in the corner. He also served as a walking surgical table, with suture threads and strands of catgut dangling from his lapels and buttons.

In the middle of the operation the young doctor who had been administering the ether fainted. Doctor Mayo could not move from where he stood, and Will's hands were full of the instruments which *his father needed from one second to the next.* Charlie at first tried to revive the young doctor, but could not. Finally the patient on the table began to writhe under the agony of returning consciousness Sweat popped out on Doctor Mayo's face as he worked as rapidly as he dared.

"Charlie," he snapped, "give her some more ether!"

Charlie looked up in surprise An anesthetic had to be given with extraordinary care To administer it was something far more important than anything he had ever been asked to do before But there was no time to waste in being surprised. He scrambled to his feet, dragged the fallen doctor's body out of the way, and snatched up the ether mask. The patient squirmed and began to mumble.

"Quickly, son!" said Dr. Mayo.

Charlie fumbled with the ether mask, reached up towards the patient's face—but he was too short! Even on tip-toe and with his arms stretched out, he could not reach far enough He looked around in alarm; then, seeing a cracker box over in the corner by the soldering torch, he mounted it. In less than a minute, he watched the patient slip quietly off into unconsciousness again ; then he climed down off the

cracker box, trembling and happy. He had saved a life. He was almost as important now as big brother Will.

The dates of the Mayo brothers' births are easy to remember, when one knows the formula. William James was born at the beginning of the Civil War, Charles Horace at its end The elder brother was born in LeSueur, Minnesota, on June 29, 1861. During the Civil War the family moved the eighty miles east to Rochester, where the younger son was born on July 19, 1865.

Their father, a chemist in Manchester, England had come to America in 1845 After receiving his degree in medicine at the University of Missouri, in 1854, he went to Minnesota to establish a practice. His wife, whom he had met and married three years earlier, was Louise Abigail Totten Wright, a girl of Scotch and English descent To her clear thinking is credited much of the sound, solid common sense which went into the realization of the dreams of her husband and sons.

Although the establishment of a practice in sparsely settled Minnesota was not easy, Doctor William Worrall Mayo soon became well known in the country around Rochester He served as an army surgeon during the Indian uprisings, and his reputation as a skilled surgeon spread at a time when surgery at its best was a crude, dangerous job. Friends and patients for miles around began to refer their friends to "the Little Doctor."

The Little Doctor had a theory · he believed that a doctor's education began with his college diploma, rather than ended there Even as his practice grew, he kept up with improvements in his field. In 1871, when well past fifty, he went back to Bellevue Hospital in New York for a full year of study. T' work of Pasteur and Lister on germs and antise-

was just becoming known, and Doctor Mayo was determined to carry the new knowledge into his Western outpost.

He came back from New York, enthusiastic about the surgical progress he had seen, and longing for a microscope to carry on the new work in his own practice.

"But," he was told, "a good one costs $600."

In the light of Doctor Mayo's limited backwoods practice, it might almost as well have been six million. Somewhat to his surprise and greatly to his pleasure, his family, including the two young sons, encouraged his hope In the end, the Mayo home was mortgaged to buy the microscope. It took ten years of scrimping to pay off that $600, but during that time young Will and Charlie used the instrument as their father did, gaining experience as children which immeasurably speeded their later progress.

Another "toy" which supplanted blocks and dominoes for Will and Charlie was a skeleton which their father had brought back from the Indian wars. Named Chief Broken-Nose, after its deceased owner, it hung in a closet of Doctor Mayo's office for thirty years. From it Will and Charlie learned the name and function of every bone in the human body, even before they went to high school

They both attended the Rochester public schools, and in the afternoons, when not helping their father, they mowed lawns and swept out various stores for pocket money. The drugstore fascinated both of them, and they kept it clean for the privilege of watching the druggist compound his simple medicines.

Between high school and college, they each spent a term at *Miles Academy*, learning French and German so that they could read foreign medical

books in the original. Then each chose a different university for his medical training. Thanks to their extraordinary youthful background, both knew more about medicine when they entered the universities than many seniors know when graduating.

"There was never any question in our minds what profession we wanted," said Doctor Will later. "In fact, growing up as we did, it was not so much a conscious choice of medicine as it was the unconscious elimination of any other choice."

William James Mayo earned his M D. at the University of Michigan in 1883, completing the course in three years He immediately returned to his father's practice in Rochester, where he was known as "Doctor Will" The name stayed with him all his life Tall, straight, and slender, he was quick and direct of speech, and equally quick with a warming sympathy. Keen and shrewd, like the farmers among whom he was raised, he was, also like them, simple, straightforward, and unassuming. He used to identify himself to strangers as "C.H. Mayo's elder brother"

Charles Horace Mayo took his degree from Northwestern University in 1888, and returned to Rochester to join the family practice as "Doctor Charlie" Short, shaggy, rotund, and jolly, he had dark eyes with 'the curious look in them which one sometimes sees in the eyes of people with a peculiarly delicate sense of touch" , they seemed to be "listening" for something they could "feel". He actually gloried in a personal simplicity, and even after a million patients had passed through the Clinic, he still remained the accepted picture of a bluff, kindly country doctor One of his pleasures was showing visitors about his prized farm, and the trip always ended in the hothouses. These buildings were roofed with discarded X-ray plates, where

visitors saw, instead of stars, portions of the human body outlined against the night sky.

Since the Mayo Clinic is today the heart and centre of Rochester, we might conclude that the Mayo brothers "put the town on the map" That is largely true. But in a way, Rochester appears on the map as the result of nearly being blown off of it.

A tornado tore through the little town in August of 1883. Buildings were flattened, trees uprooted, and destruction piled high. Twenty people were killed outright, and more than three hundred injured.

At that time Rochester had no hospital. Doctor Mayo was using four spare bedrooms in different homes to look after his ordinary patients. Suddenly Rochester was faced with an appalling hospitalization problem The town officials appointed Doctor Mayo to manage the relief, and he pitched into the emergency, setting up a temporary hospital.

A group of Sisters from the Convent of St. Francis offered their services as nurses, and the care of the injured took on a semblance of order even while the screaming wind was still tearing at the hospital walls.

Young Doctor Will had just returned from college, and Charlie was still in the local high school. Working day and night alongside the Sisters, the three Mayos set broken bones, bandaged wounds, gave sedatives, and performed swift emergency operations. With the ink hardly dry on his diploma, Doctor Will found himself facing operations which a surgeon in normal practice might expect to handle only after long practice. The old Doctor Mayo, drawing on years of experience and his army surgeon days, worked tirelessly to bring order out of chaos.

For weeks afterward, even with their days crowded with heavy work, the Mayos spent their nights as male nurses in long night watches over the more serious cases

But the ill wind followed its proverbial course. The good which the Mayo Clinic represents today sprang up in its wake.

As soon as the crisis was passed, Mother Alfred, the Mother Superior of the Sisters from the Convent of St. Francis, approached Doctor Mayo. "I think your work has proved something," she said.

"It had to be done, that's all," replied Doctor Mayo.

"No, that is not all," she said "I can see where Rochester needs a hospital, and what is more, it needs you to guide it"

"I'm afraid I'm a little too old to look after a hospital," he replied.

"But your sons will carry on."

The old Doctor looked up slowly. "*My sons,*" he thought "Certainly they will carry on."

With the help of the Order of St. Francis, Rochester's first hospital, St. Mary's came into being. When it was completed in 1889, Doctor William Worrall Mayo, nearly seventy years old, was preparing to retire. The small, forty-one bed hospital was opened and managed by the Sisters of St. Francis under the direction of young Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie

Opposition threatened it from the start. The Mayos were not Roman Catholics, and their Protestant friends criticized them for accepting church help. The Sisters, on the other hand, were abused by their own groups for working under the

direction of the Protestant Mayos. And for those not actively associated with either faction, there remained, in 1889, a general distrust of *all* hospitals. The care of the sick, it was felt, was best handled in the privacy and decency of the home The term hospital was then more commonly associated with insane asylums Only thirteen patients permitted themselves to be taken off to "that hospital" when it was opened.

Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie, both with limited hospital experience, considered themselves "the greenest of a green crew," but their results were satisfying at the end of the first year In what amounted to their interneship, they cared for three hundred patients. The patients did well, and the ledgers showed the hospital was self-supporting.

When their father retired, the two young doctors divided their practice geographically. Doctor Will took all the calls north and east of Quale's drugstore, in the heart of town , Doctor Charlie took *those south and west. Later they divided their hospital* surgery in much the same way. Doctor Charlie took everything north of the diaphragm and south of the pelvis, while Doctor Will concentrated on the central region ' Charlie's the head doctor around here," Doctor Will used to say with the engaging Mayo disregard of elegance. "I'm just the middleman."

The success of the first few years converted the early opposition into competition. People who were unwilling to forget religious barriers, even in the face of sickness, agitated for the founding of a Protestant hospital. In 1893 the Protestant Riverside hospital was opened. The Mayos kept right on at St. Mary's. Religion was no part of their creed as doctors. They treated Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, Negro and white, with

equal care They were interested in what was physically wrong with a man not in his financial condition, colour or credo The Riverside Hospital failed, and St. Mary's continued to grow.

In the course of their hospital work, the brothers came to realize that specialization was taking a strange and dangerous turn Doctors with an ordinary M.D degree were adding to their shingles the title "eye specialist," "heart specialist," and any other specialty which the doctor thought might be in demand in the community Seldom had the title been earned by the special training it implied.

Surgery was the Mayo specialty, but the brothers had not adopted it simply because it was "good for trade." Surgery to them was first a matter of careful diagnosis, to see whether cutting was necessary. Then, if needed, they could give it not only their inherited ability, but the experience and training which had been theirs since childhood An unnecessary operation angered them more than the bungling of a necessary one And yet such cases actually occurred and discredited the true specialists.

In the beginning, Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie could do little more than fight off the evil by setting an enlightened example. Even when they were busiest, each took time every year to study at first hand the advances in surgery in the large hospitals all over the country. One brother would travel while the other stayed in Rochester, and the perfection of their partnership shines from the calm confidence of their casual leave-taking "I know my brother will take care of things"

Both brothers married Rochester girls, Will in 1884, and Charlie in 1893, Living in modest homes, they kept their living expenses at a minimum, and put into a savings account anything over and

what they needed to live For years they used a common checkbook with perfect trust, and their savings mounted steadily

In 1895 they performed 751 operations with an amazing record of success They charged according to the patient's ability to pay, which meant that many of their most difficult cases were entirely free; some simpler ones brought good fees Their reputation for fair dealing grew in proportion to their reputation as skilled surgeons. As more and more of the outside doctors sent their difficult cases to the Mayos, a practice begun with their father, Rochester began to grow

Soon two operating rooms were not enough. In 1905 a new wing was built onto St Mary's Hospital. Now another surgeon was added to the original staff of two.

"It was our first forward step," remarked Doctor Charlie

That was an overly modest statement. Their annual education trips had continued. Their fight for removing the "short-cut to specialization" was already beginning to have its effect The Mayos had been moving toward their unknown goal for some years, but it was in the addition of this first associate that the future Clinic began to take form

They now looked forward to expanding their staff with something new in mind, the training of other surgeons. Hospital training for surgeons is standard practice today, and it is surprising to learn that when the Mayos proposed the idea, it was looked on with mistrust. Young doctors were best trained, it was held, in private offices; medical training could not be undertaken wholesale. The Mayos thought it could.

The expansion of their staff in the next few years

made front-page news in medical journals. Doctors were as amazed at the location of the hospital as at the results which came from it.

"You mean to say that clinic out in the cornfields performed over *eight thousand operations* last year!" was the comment in 1910.

When that report came to the desk of the editor of medical journal in New York, he looked at it and snorted.

"I can't print that," he said, "until I go out there and have a look Either something big is going on out there, or those boys are mighty good liars."

The editor made the trip to Rochester, prepared to expose a pair of charlatans He was so amazed at what he saw and learned that the next several issues of his journal had room for little else but the Mayos.

The writing of full reports on all cases became a strict rule with the Mayos Just as boards of experts now check into every airplane crash with a view to learning how to make flying safer, so the Mayos examined the reports of operations. Each operation served as a stepping stone to a better job on the next, and each report was filed in what has become one of the finest medical libraries in the world. Soon the yearly educational trips developed into teaching trips as well. Doctors everywhere asked the brothers to lecture, and they did so, although protesting all the time they had come to learn, not teach.

By 1910 Rochester was being referred to as "the medical crossroads of the world." Medical men flocked there to watch the Mayos work. Doctors not only sent their most difficult cases to R[illegible] but, the final compliment, they went there[illegible]

selves when in need of major operations. One such doctor expressed the confidence of them all. He said, "We always bought round-trip tickets."

A visitor has described an operation which Doctor Will once performed before a large audience of other surgeons. The atmosphere was much like that of a college classroom, accept that the young man lectured while the older men watched and listened. Doctor Will described every step of the operation as he worked. Despite the fact that a life was being saved or lost under his swiftly moving hands, his easy, low-pitched voice was quiet and calm as usual.

As the surgeons watched, Doctor Will removed a tumor so large that it had forced all the surrounding organs out of place. That amounted to destroying all the familiar surgical landmarks, but Doctor Will continued undisturbed. Then a major vein, into which the tumor had eaten, suddenly burst. Such a mishap is usually fatal; but Doctor Will reached in, carefully and expertly clamped the vein, and commented casually:

"Now gentlemen, the vena cava is torn and it will be necessary to make another incision in the abdomen to repair it," he said.

Fifteen minutes later another crisis developed. Still Doctor Will remained steady. "This, gentlemen," he said, "is even more serious than the injury to the vein. There is a rent in the intestine, and if it is not repaired at this point, the contents will leak out and the patient will succumb."

By noon, the hardened medical men who had been watching this operation since mid-morning could stand no more. They slipped out one by one. Early in the afternoon Doctor Will emerged from the operating theatre as calm and unruffled as ever.

The joint savings account of Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie steadily grew. In 1915 they were able to propose a plan whereby they could put medical training on a sounder basis than had heretofore been dreamed of.

"We have one and a half million dollars in our account," *said Doctor Will* "*Let's put it to work.*"

The method of putting it to work was mutually understood. The money had come from the sick. It would go back to the sick, and in a form which would increase its usefulness tenfold—research into *the causes of illness and disease, and the training of* true specialists to correct those causes

The clinic was just then beginning its greatest growth In function, the Clinic is just a doctor's office which happens to be expanded and heavily staffed. Not in any sense a hospital, it is a place for examination and diagnosis From it, just as from a doctor's office, patients who need hospitalization are sent to hospitals outside Big and complex as it is, the Clinic is a perfectly logical outgrowth of the Little Doctor's office over Quale's drugstore. But its very bigness, together with the number and variety of the cases it handled, offered opportunities for training never before possible

Doctor Will had been a regent of the University of Minnesota for many years. Now the brothers offered their fund of a million and a half dollars to the University. This money, known as the Mayo Foundation, was to establish a medical college of the University at the Clinic, and—more valuable than the money itself—the training facilities of the Clinic and the local hospitals would be thrown open to the students

The University readily agreed. A six-year trial period was laid out. During this time the University

would supply a faculty, the Mayos a training ground.

Their course, which soon was closely followed by Universities all over the country, first trained the student in diagnosis. A full year was devoted to this field before the student reached the point of even watching a simple operation. There was never to be a Mayo graduate who would "cut because he knows how" He learned to "cut when and only when necessary"

The experimental years of the alliance between the University of Minnesota and the Mayo Clinic succeeded beyond all hopes Doctor Will, forced to spend his whole time on the business and administrative end of the Clinic, soon gave up active medical practice except for surgical consultation. A specially-scheduled train made an overnight run from Chicago to "the clinic in the cornfields"

Until 1920 the Mayos concentrated on surgery, but their own broadmindedness forced them to give the same attention to medical study. Despite Doctor Charlie's world-famous success with goiter operations, it was he himself who instituted the research on iodine to make goiter operations often unnecessary. *He was far prouder of that sensational medical advance than of his own surgical skill*

Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie watched with satisfaction when the various medical societies took over the task of looking into the qualifications of self-styled specialists The Mayo training programme became a model, their own high standard became the national standard Now they were ready to take the final step : to so weld and organize a group of specialists that they would work together on every patient with the effect of a single all-wise doctor.

This idea, of course, was not born suddenly. None of the Mayo successes resulted from sudden inspirations. As young men, they had laid down a solid foundation of medical knowledge Being thoughtful and intelligent, they saw improvements that could be made in medical practice Being active and progressive, they made them. One thing led logically to another, and with each success they moved their goal just a little ahead.

The *New Clinic building*, whose base covers an entire city block, was opened in 1929 Under its roof, specialists in all fields of medicine and surgery are grouped together. In its laboratories surgeons work to make surgery unnecessary, and when a medical method capable of replacing a surgical operation is perfected, the Clinic immediately adopts it The danger in specialization—that of the specialist in one particular organ or disease attempting to treat a patient as an organic whole—is averted Specialists in all fields work with experts in physics, chemistry, biophysics, and biochemistry, on each patient.

One day during the first year of the new Clinic, Doctor Charlie was performing his last operation at the same time that his son, Doctor Charles William Mayo, was performing his first. The torch had been handed on, and after that both Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie stayed on the sidelines, watching, teaching, and advising But they "retired" only in the way that a football player retires from active play to coach

Under their guidance the Mayo Clinic developed into the most efficient medical centre ever known. They spent years working out the system whereby the patient who "goes through" this clinic undergoes the most searching physical examination in the world. *If it were not for the efficiency constantly* demanded by the Mayo brothers, an

their clinic would be the most complicated exercise imaginable. As the plan has been worked out, however, one simply "goes through," quickly and competently.

Whatever the patient needs from a complex major operation to simple diet and rest, Rochester is able to provide it for him under the watchful eye of the Clinic. If there is nothing wrong with him, he is told so and congratulated upon being an exceptionally hearty fellow. Very few get through the searching examinations of the Clinic without something wrong turning up, but a patient comes away from the Mayos fully cured, if he is curable, or at least fully informed!

Kings and presidents have "gone through" the Clinic. Universities have heaped honorary degrees upon the brothers, each has served a term as president of the august American Medical Association. Nevertheless, Johnny Smith, railroad brakeman, always is given exacty the same courteous and thorough treatment as Mr. John Smythe, railroad president. Long after the Clinic had become an internationally famous institution, farmers still made their way into town and asked, "Where have the Mayo boys moved their offices to?" And they were just as welcome as in the old days of the two-room office over Quale's drugstore. The Mayos made only one distinction between the poor man and the millionaire: both got the same treatment, but the latter paid a whacking big fee.

The brothers who had worked so closely together in life were not long separated in death. They died just two months apart, in the summer of 1939. Only Doctor Charlie's son, Doctor Charles William Mayo, carries on the family name at the Clinic, but a multitude of trained men, from Bangkok to Buenos Aires, carry on the Mayo ideals and traditions.

Twenty-four hundred years ago, four centuries before the birth of Chirst, physicians began to bind themselves to their profession and to each other in the solemn covenant of the Hippocratic oath. In common with those of the great host who had gone before, the Little Doctor and Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie, each in his turn, promised

". .that to the best of my power and judgment I will keep this oath and this contract to wit—to hold him, who practices with me this Art, equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, to supply him if he is in need of the necessaries of life, to regard his offspring in the same light as my own brothers, and to teach them this Art, if they shall desire to learn it, without fee or contract, to impart the precepts, the oral teaching, and all the rest of the instruction to my own sons . and to pupils who have been bound to me by contract, and who have been sworn according to the law of medicine.

"I will adopt that system of regimen which according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and will protect them from everything noxious and injurious With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art.

"Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, keeping myself aloof from every voluntary act of injustice and corruption and lust Whatever in the course of my professional practice, or outside of it, I see or hear which ought not to be spread abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret.

"If I continue to observe this oath and keep it inviolate, may it be mine to enjoy life and the practice of the Art respected among all men fore
But should I violate this oath and forswear may the reverse be my lot"

The Mayos have kept the faith.



Walter Percy Chrysler

AMERICAN WORKMAN

Walter Percy Chrysler, whose calloused hands and bulking shoulders helped to turn a way of life upside down, is all the American success-story heroes ro lled

into one—Horatio Alger with a high-compression engine.

Mechanic to magnate, dime an hour to a million dollars a year with never a "dirty deal" on the way—the story starts with a boy pushing a broom in a railroad roundhouse, and ends with a man wielding a sceptre over the vast industrial empire which his own hands, brain, and vision had brought into being.

Like all good stories, this one has a twist. Walter Chrysler made his two biggest advances by seeming to retreat Twice in his life he fought to get new jobs, each of which paid only half the salary he had been earning But the first job made him a machinist. The second put him in the automobile industry.

If, as is sometimes claimed, modern big business is a form of Indian warfare, Chrysler grew up in appropriate country Ellis, Kansas, where he was born in 1875, was a frontier town Custer's famous Last Stand took place just when Chrysler was a year old. Two years later, Chief Dull Knife terrorized the Kansas countryside by his massacre of white settlers only two counties away from Ellis. Young Walt Chrysler's own earliest memories were of the Indian scares of 1880 when, as a six-year-old, he huddled in the stone schoolhouse with the women and children, watching the stern-faced men of the community standing on guard with their rifles at the windows.

Nowadays, small boys dream of becoming airplane pilots In Chrysler's boyhood they yearned to become locomotive engineers Walt was the envy of every boy in town, for Henry Chrysler, his father, was the crack engineer of his division of the spreading Union Pacific railroad. When the railroad bought its first coal-burning locomotive, i

he who stepped from the cab of his wood-burner to operate the new monster. A six-shooter slung at his hip was as much a part of his equipment as the traditional big red bandanna knotted around his neck. Walt was only seven when his father first hoisted him into the cab to take him along on the day's run. Cinders pelted young Walt's face with tiny black flakes as he leaned from the fireman's window and called signals Beside the tracks, small mounds of earth with crude wooden crosses marked ambushes where some of Henry Chrysler's friends had fallen in Indian fights, and above the clangor of the swaying locomotive the stories of those battles rang in young Walt's ears.

Walt's early life was fantastic mixture of the Wild West and the encroaching civilization. At school the highest honour a boy could acheve was to be classified as "toughest guy in town." Several fist-fights usually took place in the space of a fifteen-minute recess In them young Walt learned to hold his own , then he trotted off two afternoons a week to take piano lessons.

At twelve Walt was marble champion of the town, but business affairs soon began to crowd the sport career out of his life From a mail-order catalogue he ordered a supply of fancily engraved calling cards which he peddled from house to house. Since no one in Ellis used calling cards, this business dropped off , then he turned to selling silverware which was displayed in a black imitation leather case with a red plush interior "so handsome that a sale was just a matter of throwing back the lid" Walt's mother, impressed by her son's talent for salesmanship, drafted him to work up and handle a milk route. He fed, cared for, and milked the cows, and delivered the milk to his customers twice a day. All his other commercial ventures dwindled away under the strain of that one.

Walt was fourteen when his father built their first permanent home For a long time that house was the pride of Ellis. Two stories, a shingled roof, a large porch, and a picket fence all around the yard made "Walt's place" the envy of the neighbourhood.

None of the courses given in the local high school had much appeal for Walt. He was interested in mechanics. The next best thing was a monthly magazine of his father's, *The Scientific American* Every month Walt studied it from cover to cover and whenever anything puzzled him or left him unsatisfied, he wrote long letters to the editors asking further information. His father wanted him to go on to college after he finished his high school course, but Walt rebelled. An older brother had gone into the locomotive repair shop, and that was what Walt wanted to do

"You won't learn machinery, and that's all I've got to say," said Henry Chrysler firmly. "You can't become an apprentice until I say the word, and I won't recommend you"

What the father overlooked was that his son had just as stubborn a nature as his own. Young Walt went on down to the railroad roundhouse and got himself hired to sweep floors. The pay was only ten cents an hour, but he put into the job all the effort of a man who is wrapped up in his work. At the end of six months, the master mechanic agreed to speak to Walt's father about an apprenticeship

"If anybody ever deserved the chance," said the master mechanic, "you do. You've stuck to a dirty job without complaining."

Henry Chrysler finally relented, and seventeen-year-old Walter Chrysler started his four-year term as an apprentice machinist. For the first year he

was to get five cents an hour. This was only half the pay he had earned with his broom, but, as he said later, "Opportunity, not money, was what I was after."

The first two years of his apprenticeship passed uneventfully. He was a husky, keen-eyed young man, as rugged as the heavy machinery upon which he worked. But there was a hot, quick temper in his make-up, too, and toward the end of his second year it nearly upset all his progress.

One day in the shop, when Walt was stuffing a freight-car wheel bearing, a practical joker caught him on the ear with a dripping greasy rag. Walt [illegible]ushed with anger, he scooped two fistfuls of the [illegible], greasy wool from the stuffing-box, and leaped after the fellow who had hit him. Walt's attacker took refuge behind the shop foreman's door. No sooner had the door closed than it opened again, and Walt, just coming into range, let fly his handful of muck

The man whose face came to view when the mess was wiped away was the wrong one The coughing and spluttering victim was the shop foreman himself. Indistinct as were his words, Walt clearly understood what they meant He was fired on the spot.

Two weeks later Walt had made sufficient promises to curb his anger in the future, and was taken back. After that experience, he placed his training above his combative instincts and settled his arguments outside the shop.

For entertainment, Walt liked to play the tuba. It was more an explosive than an aesthetic expression of his nature, and what he lacked in artistry he made up in volume. When his apprenticeship ended, Walt was twenty-one and had just two things he wanted to do. The first was to learn more about

machinery; the second, to see the country. His mechanical ability assured fulfillment of his first desire, and the tuba became his passport for the second.

In that day it was the custom for the wealthy young man, on his graduation from college, to embark on the Grand Tour to complete his education. In a less exalted fashion, the young machinist who finished his apprenticeship "hit the road" By the time he settled down to one job, after his years of roving, he had worked on every conceivable kind of machine, under every sort of boss, on all kinds of products. His "Grand Tour" gave him a thorough understanding of his craft He really knew his trade.

For five years Walt "boomed" around the West, rarely working longer than six weeks in any one shop, and never ending with any money ahead. Tiring of a job, he would entrust his tuba to a friendly railroad conductor, asking him to leave it at the roundhouse of whatever town was next on the list, and then try to catch up with his traveling instrument The rules of the game forbade his paying fare, so he rode freights, went "blind baggnew age," or pinch-hit for brakemen On arrival in a town, the first step was always to recover his tuba and get into the social whirl by joining the local band He would then land a job, work for a while, and move on again

Life went on in this merry, vagabond manner until once he left his tuba in Ogden, Utah, and didn't remeber it until he got to Salt Lake City. Something frivolous and irresponsible passed out of his life with the loss of his battered horn. He was twenty-six at the time, and knocking around was beginning to lose its appeal He settled down to a job in Salt Lake City and worked steadily for a year.

At the end of that year, Walter Chrysler's ambitions had crystallized. A constant intrechange of letters with Della Forker, his high school sweetheart who still lived with her parents in Ellis, helped the settling process. In the spring of 1901, for the first time he paid fare on a railroad for a ticket from Denver to Ellis. He and Della Forker were married, and the couple returned to Salt Lake City.

They started married life with sixty dollars in cash and an unlimited reserve of hope Walt was earning thirty cents an hour and working ten hours a day in the railroad shops in Salt Lake City. He subscribed to a correspondence course in electrical engineering, added several daily hours of home study to his ten hours of work, and started his climb toward the top

The next ten years brought rapid changes in Walter Chrysler's life. When a broken-down locomotive threatened to upset the schedule of the annual Mormon festival, Chrysler's swift repairs earned him a promotion to roundhouse foreman. From Salt Lake City he was transferred to Trinidad, Colorado, where he became master mechanic for two entire railroad divisions From Trinidad he moved to Childress, Texas, to supervise the building of some new railroad shops , and from there the Chicago Great Western Railway lured him away with an offer of $ 200 per month

Between 1906 and 1908 he rose as far as a man could go in a mechanical job on a railroad. He knew how to get along with men and he was able to do with his own hands any job which he ever asked any subordinate to do Hard-boiled and husky, he had the brains to make decisions, and, when necessary, a good pair of fists to back them up

In 1908 Walter Chrysler went to Chicago to see the Automobile Show. Today we have "airplane

nuts" Charysler became an "automobile nut," and was never the same again.

On what he planned as an afternoon visit, he stayed fascinated for four days. Nothing else in all his life had stirred him nearly so much. He had been working on mass transportation as long as he could remember, but here was individual transportation, tailored to a family's needs. In the show was an immense ivory-white Locomobile touring car with red leather upholstery, the luxury-liner of its time, which held him spellbound A lavish display of brass trim and khaki top supported by varnished wood bows gave the big machine a sporty look that Chrysler couldn't resist He had to have that car.

The great obstacle, however, was the price. The salesman to whom Chrysler broached the subject said calmly, "The price is $5,000" After days of wrangling, it was finally understood that the price was not only $5,000, but $5,000 *cash*, for instalment selling of automobiles was then unknown. Chrysler had just $700 in the bank. Arrangements were finally made whereby a friend co-signed his note, and he raised the necessary balance through a bank. The gleaming Locomobile was his, at so much a month for many, many months

Since no paved roads then extended outside the city limits, the treasure was shipped from Chicago to Oelwein, Iowa, in a freight car. A teamster towed it to a barn behind the Chrysler house; and there it sat for three months.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Chrysler (who, wonderful woman, had consented without an adverse word to his spending the last of their savings and mortgaging their future on a "toy"), "the least we could do would be to take a ride in it!"

"I want to learn about it first," replied Walter.

Eight times during those three months, he tore the car completely to pieces and put it back together again. Only when he was satisfied that he knew the function of every part in that machine was he ready for the first ride

The neighbours had become accustomed to the roar of the motor in the Chrysler barn, but one morning the sound indicated that the car was moving out towards the road. A crowd quickly assembled. There sat Chrysler, wearing goggles and a greasy duster, letting the car ease backward out of its stable. The crowd parted to make room, and Chrysler engaged the clutch At that, the huge machine lunged forward into a grassy ditch Shaken but unhurt, the proud owner inspected the superficial damages, then called on a teamster to pull him out for another try

This time he manoeuvered the machine into the middle of the road before letting it get away under its own power. Then the back wheels kicked up a cloud of dust, and Chrysler was off The dirt road made a complete square, a mile in each direction, around Chrysler's home. On the first turn he forgot to push back the hand-throttle, and the heavy car skidded dangerously on two wheels. By the second turn he had discovered how to slow up and take the corner with more grace and safety. On the home stretch, he roared down the middle of the road, and the Chrysler family was launched on its own wheels.

Meanwhile, Chrysler's responsibilities were growing. His railroad job kept crowding in on the spare time he enjoyed spending with his car. Work, of course, came first. There were now two little girls and a baby boy in the family. Chrysler was thirty-five years old and anxious to get ahead.

When the chance came to become master mechanic for the American Locomotive Company in Pittsburgh, he seized it and moved the family once more Mrs. Chrysler rather hoped that they would stay in Pittsburgh long enough to settle down, but no! There was one more move to make.

One day in 1911, Charles W. Nash visited Pittsburgh. A former carriage builder, he was now president of the Buick Motor Company. Telephoning to Chrysler, he suggested an appointment for lunch. Chrysler, of course, had an idea of what was in the wind, and accepted eagerly.

On the way to the appointment, he passed a stalled automobile. Rather, he encountered a stalled automobile—he never passed one. By the time he got the car going again, his hands were greasy and he was late for his appointment.

Nash was annoyed To make matters worse, when the two men shook hands Nash found Chrysler's black thumprint firmly printed on the back of his.

That was a bad start for Chrysler, who had hoped that much would come of this meeting. The luncheon proceeded in cold silence, barely broken until cigars were ordered. Nash waited for Chrysler's choice.

"Panatelas," said Chrysler.

"Panatelas," said Nash, brightening. "Well, young man, perhaps we do have something in common after all."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me," said Nash, "have you ever given automobiles any thought?"

"Oh, yes!" Chrysler replied quickly, then checked his eagerness. "That is, off and on for the last five years."

"You've done well with the railroads, I understand," said Nash.

"Been at it all my life," Chrysler replied "My father was an engineer, and I more or less grew up in locomotive repair shops"

"Automobiles are beginning to need mechanical minds," Nash continued "So far, we've been able to built them much as we built wagons, but that's all changing We need a works manager at the Flint plant who can keep us in step mechanically Would you like the job?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How much salary would you expect?"

"Well," Chrysler replied, forcing himself to speak slowly "The American Locomotive Company pays me $12,000 a year."

The light of interest left Nash's eyes He folded his napkin and placed it carefully beside his plate.

"Well," he said finally, "that's the end of that The automobile industry is young and risky. We couldn't hope to pay any such figure"

Chrysler saw that Nash was trying to close the interview as quickly as possible. How much could you pay?" he asked suddenly

"We can't afford to pay over $6,000," said Nash, half rising, ready to leave.

"I accept it," snapped Chrysler

Nash dropped back to his chair. What sort of man was this, who was willing to exchange a sure thing for a gamble, and pay half his salary for the privilege? Had Chrysler been bluffing about that $12,000 salary? That was not likely, for the young man had a wonderful reputation as a boss machinist. At any rate, Nash closed the deal in a hurry, and

the Buick Motor Company suddenly had a works manager who was a mechanic rather than a carpenter. Walter Chrysler, at the age of thirty-six, was finally on his way.

When Chrysler moved to Flint, Michigan, in the winter of 1911, the main Buick building looked more like a large carpenter-shop than an automobile factory. Woodworkers dominated the thinking of the organisation, and young Chrysler, a machinist, hardly knew where to begin. But he tore into his new job with the same spirit in which he had taken apart and put together his Locomobile. Under his direction there began to roll out of the shops motor cars which looked more like independent vehicles than awkward, self-propelled wagons Metal began to replace wood New motors, as sturdy and reliable as the locomotives on which Chrysler had learned his trade, were developed to make motoring more of a pleasure and less of an adventure.

Machines are useless without men with brains to direct them Chrysler became known as a production genius, but perhaps his real genius lay in his ability to select and direct the men who made that production possible, and to command their loyalty. At Buick, needing good men and needing them badly, he remembered his friends among the machinists in rail-road shops all over the country. He would wire one or another, stating simply, "Got a job for you here. Come at once" Regardless of what the man might be doing, his memory of Chrysler was such that he usually dropped everything and answered the call.

Chrysler soon won the respect of his superiors. Most of them had learned their mechanical engineering in colleges, but here was a man who could work with tools beside any man in the shop , then go up to the front office and explain in flawless tech

terms what was needed and why. The machinists *liked him because he was one of them*; the executives liked him because he spoke their language and got results.

Buick soon found that it could, after all, pay not $12,000 a year, but $25,000. The newly-formed General Motors Corporation, of which Buick was a division, declared that no one department should have a monopoly on a man like Chrysler, so they made him first vice-president in charge of operations in addition to president of Buick, and increased his pay to $500,000 a year

By the time America entered the first World War, Walter P Chrysler did more than simply draw his pay checks, he worked double time, sixteen and eighteen hours a day, keeping his finger on every move made inside the mushrooming plants. During the War, established factories turned over their tools and machinery for the manufacturing of shells, guns, *and Army trucks. New automobile companies* were formed and were immediately swamped with more orders than they could fill. General Motors assumed its share of the armament load, building airplane motors and, toward the end of the War, tanks.

In 1919, at the age of forty-five, Chrysler retired. He had all the money he would ever need, and he had worked enough for two lifetimes But, like most Americans, he chafed more out of harness than in it, and a few months of idleness was all he could stand. The automobile industry was having growing pains, and the proud father who had nursed it *through its whooping-cough years could not stand* aside and watch it suffer. Bankers whose heavy investment in the Willys-Overland Company seemed a certain loss begged Chrysler to lend his experienced hand. "One million dollars a year for two years" Chrysler set as his terms. "Fair enough," said the

bankers And Chrysler was busy again, redesigning the Overland car, reorganizing the shops and nursing the ailing company back to financial health.

At this time the Maxwell Company had its back to the wall, and was calling for help Walter Chrysler had become a legend in the automotive world. He knew how to make things go, he had a reputation for working miracles with sick organisations

"The truth was," Chrysler said, "I just hired the right men for the right jobs. After that everything worked like a clock."

At any rate, he took over the management of the Maxwell Company in 1920 and started combing out the tangles The process kept growing more and more involved He found himself back on his old sixteen-hour schedule. A new motor here, sleeker lines there, a faster operation on the assembly line—all those things spun through his mind night and day.

Out of the jumble came plans for a completely new car; not just a better Buick or a better Willys or a better Maxwell, but an automobile which would literally be years ahead of its time Just when his family expected Chrysler to wind up his affairs with the Maxwell Company, he came home with somewhat different news.

"I've arranged to buy out the Maxwell," he announced. "The Chrysler Corporation will be doing business soon."

The feature of the first Chrysler automobile was a high-compression engine Such engines had previously been the expensive experiments of racing-car owners. Manufacturers had insisted that high-compression could never be utilized in an

ing started His father died when young Will was only fourteen. Encouraged by his mother, the boy finished high school, spent a year at the College of Emporia, and came back to El Dorado to begin his life work.

He might now be managing a grocery or running a dry goods store, for he tried to get jobs in both The one he happended to get—at eighteen dollars a month—was on the weekly *Butler County Democrat.* On June 1st, 1885, he walked into the office, took off his coat and vest, put on his paper cuffs, and went to work as a printer's devil. It was a small office, and he did a little of everything; he swept out, set type, fed the job press, rustled up ads, got up the *local* copy when the boss was out of town, and "dropped watermelon rinds on the heads of prominent citizens passing below." He was then seventeen Nine months later he went back to the College of Emporia, and set type on afternoons and Saturdays for both the local papers until May of the following year. Then he got a job as full-fledged reporter on the *Emporia News*, and never went back to work in the printing office again. Newspaper jobs put him through the University of Kansas. Before his twenty-fourth birthday he was editorial writer and Topeka correspondent for the *Kansas City Journal.* And at twenty-seven he had accumulated three years' experience on the staff of the *Kansas City Star*, a wife, a dollar and twenty-five cents, and an idea.

So he took the wife, the dollar and twenty-five cents, and the idea to Emporia. He also took with him a reputation as a smart, hustling young newspaper man. On the strength of this, and with the "audacity and impudence of youth," he somehow borrowed three thousand dollars. Then—but let him tell it:

"A skinny young man with a guilty grin on his face put his hand to his mouth to hide a snicker as he pocketed three thousand dollars in cash from a brash-looking young chap in his twenties, and after the skinny young man had gone around the corner to laugh, the brash-looking chap took formal possession of this paper. Thus the *Gazette* passed from W. Y. Morgan to its present owner"

The *Gazette* had a circulation of exactly four hundred and eighty-five subscribers Now it also had William Allen White, who knew exactly where he wanted to go and how he proposed to get there In his first editorial he introduced himself with characteristic directness

"He hopes always to sign 'from Emporia' after his name when he is abroad He expects to perform all the kind offices of the country editor in this community for a generation to come It is likely that he will write the wedding notices of the boys and girls in the schools, that he will announce the birth of the children who will some day honour Emporia, and that he will say the final words over those of middle age who read these lines If the good people care for a fair, honest home paper that will stand for the best in town—here it is"

That was his statement of purpose Throughout the nearly fifty years since that day in 1895, he has kept his promises. He added "In the meantime, I shall hustle advertising, job work, and subscriptions, and write editorials and 'telegraph' twelve hours a day in spite of my ideals The path of glory is barred hog-tight for the man who does not labour while he waits."

For the next fourteen or fifteen months the *Gazette* continued to be just another country paper It was a good paper, and it was growing in a sma' way, but its influence was purely local

dynamic young editor was almost unknown outside of Lyons County The whole weekly payroll of his office came to a bare forty-five dollars He wrote the editorials, sold and framed the advertisements, and attended to the business matters His wife made up the local news and the society items while, later on, their small son slept in a clothes basket in a corner of the office (This son, by the way, is W.L White, whose later training on his father's staff resulted in that widely-read novel of the Midwest, *What People Said*, and in some of the best reporting from the battle ground of Finland during the early part of World War II)

Then came the fateful editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas ?" and Will White, country editor, was on his way to becoming William Allen White, a national figure and the Sage of Emporia What the editorial actually said did nothing more than would attract a moment's attention It was *how* it was said that made the attention enduring, and forecast that for many years to come statesmen and editors and leaders of industry would break off their discussions to ask, "What does White think about it ?" White's writing, like that of Will Rogers, showed a practical common sense, an ability to cut through the fog and go to the heart of a problem and a forth-right style of expression as direct and down-to-earth as unliterary and unpretentious, as good conversation

The paper grew Although the population of Lyon County has increased only about a thousand since 1895, the circulation of the *Gazette* has multiplied fourteen and a half times ! Today there are only some eighty homes in the town which do not find a copy of the *Gazette* on the front porch before breakfast.

In the twelve years before Mr. White took over

this paper, four other newspaper men had failed and six newspapers had discontinued Emporia was not an easy town in which to succeed But here was one journalist who had come to stay, and he said so in no uncertain terms :

"I belong to Kansas and am as much a part of her as her corn fields Here I shall live and die You can call me what you like—insurgent, progressive, muckraker—anything, as long as you make it clear that I am a Kansas American in every breath I draw and expect to draw until the last gasp comes."

Kansas is and always has been his chief passion, and he has worked hard to make it prosper. It was White, although an editor rather than a farmer, who urged the wider planting of that hardy turkey-red winter wheat which changed western Kansas from a parched wilderness into a prosperous farmland. He preached the planting of alfalfa to reduce the menace of drought. He aided the farmers in their problems of poultry raising, dairying, the breeding of corn, and he pleaded year after year for the diversification of crops.

He loves Kansas, but that doesn't prevent his talking like a Dutch uncle when he feels it necessary. "There is supposed to be a Law and Order League in Emporia," he wrote one day, "but its back is broken. Day after day the joints sell liquor here—each day getting a little bolder, and the Law and Order League snores on in the sweet unconsciousness of its dreams." This is straight talk with a barb on it. Nor does his love for Kansas hamper his sense of humour. You can almost feel the dry, sizzling heat of the day on which he wrote "The sky is as brassy as a kettle. The stock has to be anchored to the trees, the portholes have to be covered or they will blow away, and there isn't enough humidity in the atmosphere of central Kansas to dampen a postage stamp."

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wife wrote him that she had ordered a new $7,500 press and let a contract for enlarging the already cramped new building.

All this progress took money. Some of the funds came from the growing income of the prosperous, well-managed paper, but more of it came from royalties on the fiction which Mr White had begun to write. *The Real Issue*, a collection of short stories, was the first. Then came *In Our Town*, which he still considers his best book, although it was written in odd moments snatched from his newspaper work. Fortunately, when the idea for a novel came along the pressure had lightened The paper was prospering, the staff was efficient, and Mrs White was on hand to keep a competent eye on things , so he took time off and went to Colorado to do the writing.

This novel, *A Certain Rich Man*, treats of the effect on character of village life and its homely ideals, and is probably the book for which he is best known Others, however, have been widely read. *The Court of Boyville* is the beautifully human story of a boy's life in a small town, and paints word-pictures of youth which critics have compared favourably with those of Mark Twain and Booth Tarkington William Allen White showed real versatility in handling himself in both journalistic and fiction writing, because the techniques are exact opposites. The journalist states his conclusion first, and then supports it with his facts The story-teller dispenses his facts one by one as his story unfolds, and only when the maximum of suspense has been created, does he divulge his conclusion.

Adding to the variety, Mr. White has published books of political essays such as *The Old Order Changeth* and *The Citizen's Business*, and delightfully humorous travel sketches such as *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me*. ("Henry" was Henry A governor and later senator from Kansas.) His

graphies of such national leaders as Woodrow Wilson and Calvin Coolidge, the outcome of close personal acquaintanceship, prove that truth can be as interesting as fiction, and just as pleasant reading. One of his most recent books is *Masks in a Pageant*, a first-hand study of fourteen American presidents and statesmen whom Mr. White has known intimately in his nearly half a century of semi-public life.

One sort of writing he has never tried "I am positive," he says, with a gentle poke at the rest of us, "that I am the only living person who has attained authorship of as much as a thousand words without being lured into heading a sheet of blank paper with 'Act I, Scene I'." He claims that he has no dramatic sense

Yet there is drama of a high order in some of his best-known works No one who has read it can ever forget *Mary White.* This editorial was a tribute to his only daughter, written the day after her accidental death, and the poignancy of its very calmness stabs at the reader's heart. Mary was seventeen and about to enter Wellesley when she died. Her future class-mates knew her only through her father's tribute, but for four years she was carried on the rolls of her class, and she "graduated" with the girls whom this piece had made her friends.

Mr. White has never held public office, but for the past four decades he has been in public life. How he has managed to find time to do all that he has done is a mystery to ordinary mortals. Successful newspapers don't run themselves, and books aren't written in casual afternoons

Yet when you explore the notable cultural, charitable, literary, and liberal movements of the last forty years, the chances are that you will always find William Allen White pulling more than his share of the load. He served in World War I as an observer for the Red Cross in France, and after the

Armistice attended the Peace Conference. That same year he was a delegate to the World Economic Conference held at Prinkipo, Russia, and in 1930 the *New York Times* sent him back among the Soviets to do a series of articles Also in 1930 he went to Haiti on a Presidential appointment as a member of the Committee for Conciliation, where his calm commonsense helped iron out long-standing grievances. Organisations such as the Walter Hines Page Foundation and the Pacific Relations Committee have drafted his services He has been one of the judges for the Book-of-the-Month Club ever since its founding, on the board of the Will Rogers Memorial Association, the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association, and the gigantic Rockefeller Foundation.

Not one of these or his many similar activities did he take up for personal advantage or monetary profit. Usually he paid his own expenses. Simply, they were jobs which needed doing, and he could do them *Sometimes we just call it civic duty*

It is true that he never held any elective public office. In fact, there hangs on his office wall a letter of introduction to President McKinley which closes with a sentence which must have surprised and relieved its harassed recipient: "This young man wants no office"

But the Kansan is said to be born with a ballot in his mouth, and Mr White has always been active in political circles. He has talked politics on everything from street-corners to radio networks, and served his party as a precinct worker, state committeeman, and delegate to the national party conventions times without number.

In 1912 he reported both the Republican and Democratic conventions. He was a member of a group of writers covering the conventions for the G. M. Adams' Newspaper Syndicate, called by

lucid terms. Writing is exactly like any other skilled trade ; it requires an apprenticeship " Good books, he implies, aren't just written ; they're rewritten. And good writing isn't showy writing , it is "something worth saying" and "in the clearest, most lucid terms."

Vigour and vitality radiate from his short, compact figure. White hair, ruddy face, and bright blue eyes give him a sort of patriotic colour scheme. His smile is disarming, and his habitual manner is jovial and boyish. He loves to talk and he talks well, and the combination of his trained nose for news, his *understanding humanness, and his shrewd humour* brings out the full flavour of any story. He loves people, and proves it by praising in print the good he finds in his fellow-man , he says that every citizen in his town has a right to read a good obituary of himself while he is *living*

The Whites' house reflects the big-hearted, warming personalities who make it into a home. One visitor has pictured it as "a mellow blend of roomy red brick house, flagged terrace, lily ponds, fried chicken, books, ancient elms, four-poster beds [illegible] biscuits, front porch, old mahogany, deep-dis[illegible] pie, peace, friendship, big bathrooms, Kan[illegible] French peasant china, and the best convers[illegible] be found east (or west) of the Rockies."

A travelling theatrical troupe once landed in Emporia so tired and disgusted with rehearsals, small audiences, heat, and each other that they were ready to disband and call off the tour. Mr. White heard about it and invited them up to his home. He didn't say a single direct word about their troubles, but under the subtle influence of the serene domestic atmosphere and mellow conversation they relaxed. They gave a grand show that night, and went on their way like a happy family.

Shortly after Theodore Roosevelt had barely escaped an assassin's bullet, he passed through Emporia and stopped with the Whites Dinner that night was the specialty of the house, fried chicken. He devoured platter after platter of it until the chicken bones were stacked like cordwood about his plate. When the cook brought in the final relay, she was so amazed—and complimented—that she could contain herself no longer Squaring herself, she burst out, "A bullet was never made that could kill a man who can eat this much fried chicken and still live !"

If you were to ask Mr. White about his occupation, he would cut through his innumerable honours and titles and say simply—perhaps with a bit of surprise that you should ask such an obvious question—"Editor, *Emporia Gazette*" Fame hasn't changed his hat-size in the least, and he is no figurehead editor.

Frank Clough, the *Gazette's* managing editor, ought to know. Here is what he says in his foreword to a book of Mr White's editorials, *Forty Years on Main Street* ·

"In his home town Mr White is first thought as an editor who knows intimately not only his ployees but also his subscribers and adv. His office is always open, and through it dai'

in heart and spirit and manner, and they knew it. He said and wrote the things they felt but couldn't put into words, and they loved him for it.

Sage, statesman, "spokesman for the common man," and philosopher—he was all these and more. He was on familiar terms with most of the great, and even from his early days in vaudeville he was given flattery enough to turn anyone's head. But praise and high opinions didn't flatter Will, they embarrassed him He would slouch even more carelessly than usual in his rumpled clothes, twinkle a sheepish, gray-eyed grin up through his dangling forelock, and scoff at such praise as pompous. "I'm just an old country boy trying to get along," he used to say. "I have been eating pretty regular, and the reason I have been is because I stayed an old country boy."

Will's homeland was really country – the Indian Territory which later became part of Oklahoma. It was a sparsely settled region of rolling range land, the home of the Five Civilized Tribes—Chottaw, Chickasaw, Creek, Seminole, and Cherokee—who had been rolled westward from their native South-east by the tide of white settlers. Partly Cherokee himself, Will was justly proud of that strain in his blood These tribes were not "blanket Indians" but truly civilized farmers, merchants and cattlemen, whose standards of culture and education were high for the time, they lived in houses, not wigwams. It always delighted Will to deflate people who boasted of their Colonial ancestry with, "My

equally resounding name of William Penn Adair Rogers, in honour of a famous Cherokee soldier and statesman. Later, for the sake of people who couldn't pronounce or remember the true names, he gave his birthplace as Claremore, the nearest large town, and called himself just Will.

His father, Clem Vann Rogers, had returned from the Civil War, a Captain with a distinguished record, to find his improved land reverted to wilderness and his cattle confiscated By the time young Will came along, his father had rebuilt his shattered fortunes, and was wealthy by Territory standards. Thousands of his cattle grazed the open range, and when he gave up active ranching, he became president of the bank at Claremore, a senator in the Cherokee Nation, a judge, and a member of national commissions guarding Indian interests.

So Will was not, as many people mistakenly suppose, a poor, lone cowboy who struggled up from obscure beginnings. Far from poor, he had whatever he wanted that money could buy in that land and time the best string of cow ponies, the smartest red-wheeled buggy, and trips with his father to St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco. Far from lone, he was the youngest of a large family and the only son, pampered by his older sisters. His successes came without struggle, one thing leading to another, in a natural sort of way. He was a cowboy, but only because that was what he wanted to be.

In that country a child learned to ride almost before he could walk. At five, Will was perfectly at home on a horse. At ten, mounted on Comanche, his small, smart buckskin cow pony that was more like a friend than a horse, he was already practising the simple "throws" which the ropers taught him

Will never absorbed much formal education

he went to several schools. The first was a one-room log cabin across the river from the Rogers ranch. But, "We got to running horse races," he recalls (most of the children rode to school), "and I had a little chestnut mare that was beating everything that any of them could ride to school, and I was losing interest in what we were really there for."

Harrell Institute at Muskogee, next year's school, was a "female seminary." Will and the principal's son were the only boys in the whole institution. During the summer vacation of his second year there, his mother died, and it was a sad, lonely little boy who left home in the fall to stay with a married sister and go to school in Tahlequah, the capital of the Indian Nation.

On a Mother's Day radio programme some forty years later he said "My own mother died when I was ten years old. My folks have told me that what little humour I have comes from her. I can't remember her humour, but I can remember her love and understanding of me."

Two other schools followed, and Mr. Rogers became accustomed to reports that Willie was not doing well. He was careless, restless, and hated the discipline which kept him from the freedom of the open range where he felt he belonged. At Scarritt, the lariat with which his small hands were always busy, settled around the neck of the headmaster's horse, caused a runaway, and Will was expelled. Finally, in the spring of his second year at Kemper Military Academy, Will broke completely with formal education and left school to become a cowboy.

"There has always been some curiosity," he wrote later, "about how I left Kemper—whether I jumped or was I shoved. Well, I can't remember that far back. All I know is that it was a cold winter and Old Man Ewing's ranch on the Canadian

River near Higgins, Texas, wasn't any too warm when I dragged in there."

The trail boss for one of the big Texas outfits put him on as a wrangler. Will had been a misfit in school, but here he was doing what he knew and loved, and soon he was a top hand Seven days a week he was up with the sun, roping cattle now instead of fence palings and the headmaster's horse, taking a grown man's part in the roundups, branding and shipping with the seasoned cowboys who had been his heroes He enjoyed it so much that one night when the foreman handed him thirty dollars, he asked, "What's this for ?"

"It's your wages as a top hand."

"Aw, I wasn't working. I was just visitin'."

Except for one of those small incidents which so often change lives, Will Rogers might today be a Texas rancher That winter he and another cowboy were sent to California with a trainload of cattle, and on the way back stopped in San Francisco to see the sights. One night his companion came in late and blew out the gas light instead of turning it off, and Will barely squeaked through a very bad case of gas poisoning. His father sent him to Hot Springs to recuperate.

When Will came home, Mr Rogers gave him a herd of cattle and set him up on the old family place on the Verdigris River, hoping the boy would settle down and amount to something Will should have liked it, but he didn't The country had changed, grownsm aller. The homesteaders had crowded in, the old open range was cut up and fenced, and the Rogers ranch was now little more than a fair-sized farm Young Will spent most of his time visiting around the other ranches

In these early years Will was a bitter disappointment to his family, and it took the home folks a

long time to forget. Years later when Will was the star of the Ziegfeld Follies in New York, some of the old-timers from Oklahoma saw him perform. On their return home, another old-timer asked about the Claremore prodigal.

"Well, what's Willie Rogers doing now?"

"Oh," said the travellers, "just actin' the fool like he used to do around here"

The West was hearing rumours about the opportunities for cattlemen in the Argentine Will was excited with the idea. His father argued warmly against his wandering off to South America, but gave in and, with his usual generosity, paid Will $3,000 for his herd

Money never meant much to Will He took a cowboy friend along, and when they landed in Bunos Aires—via New Orleans, New York, and London—his stake was nearly gone The Argentine cattle business wasn't as advertised, and his disappointed friend wanted to go back home. So Will bought him a ticket, and then, characteristically, spent most of his remaining cash on presents to send home for Christmas

One night he had to sleep in a park, and the next morning, without any prospects for breakfast, he wandered down to the stock pens to watch the *gauchos* roping mules. Their clumsy catches bothered Will. He got hold of a rope, showed what he could do, and worked through the day at the rate of twenty-five cents for every mule he caught.

The only job he could find was on a cattle boat bound for South Africa. The whole cargo was consigned to one estate, and when it was landed, the English owner hired Will to help drive the stock inland.

The African natives made Will's eyes bulge. "You have to see them to realize what wild-looking

people they are," he wrote his father. "All have rings, chains, and all kinds of old scrap iron in their ears or noses. Lots of them have horns tied on their heads. They travel at a run all the time and they are always singing. They are as crazy as snakes. We are in Zululand and they are the hardest layout in the lot.

Of course, in the English scheme of things, Will's job classed him as a servant. The life was lonely for anyone who loved to be with people and talk as Will did He used to invent excuses to be near the front of the big house in the evenings, where he could look through the windows and hear the girls and their guests playing the piano and singing. It was all he could do sometimes to keep from going in and offering to teach them some of the cowboy songs he knew.

Two months later he quit this lonely job, and was hired to drive mules to Ladysmith, a hundred and fifty miles away. For some time, Fate had been closing in on Will. Now its rope settled around him, drew tight, and never again let go. At twenty-three, Will found his life work.

Texas Jack's Wild West Circus was playing in Ladysmith Will was hungry to talk a little American, especially the Texas variety, and he dropped in on the boys. He stayed for supper and found himself in show business for life.

"I was hired to do roping in the ring," he wrote back to the Claremore folks, "but the man who rides the pitching horse is laid off and I have been riding the pitching horse ever since I have been with the show. Jack also has a lot of plays showing Western life. I take the Indian part in some and the Negro part in others. I get $20 a week and sleeping cars to sleep in. There are about 40 : with the show and about 30 horses."

The nine months spent with Texas Jack became the turning point of Will's life. A fine man and a skilled showman, Jack taught all the tricks to his young partner. When Will left to tour Australia and New Zealand with the famed Wirth Brothers Circus, Jack gave him this letter:

"I have the very great pleasure of recommending Mr. W. P. Rogers (The Cherokee Kid) to circus proprietors He has performed with me during my present South African tour and I consider him to be the champion trick rough-rider and lasso thrower of the world. He is sober, industrious, hard working at all times, and is always to be relied upon" The Claremore folks would never have recognized Will by that description of "industrious, hard working at all times" The square peg had found his square hole.

When Will came home in April of 1904, he had been away two years, travelled fifty thousand miles, and circled the globe. Mr. Rogers figured that Will would now have the restlessness worked out of his system and be ready to settle down and "make something of himself." But in a few days Will was off again to join Colonel Zach Mulhall's show in St. Louis. At this, his father finally lost all patience, and admitted to his friends that he had given up hope for Will No boy who frittered away all his time around Wild West circuses could ever amount to anything.

Today Will's roping isn't much remembered. We think of him as a riotously funny monologuist who casually twirled a lariat as he talked. In his earlier days on the stage, however, when he did nothing but rope tricks and didn't talk at all, he was one of the most sensationally skilful ropers in the country.

Every spare moment went into practice. "He was always working with a rope," recalls one of his circus roommates. "He was tireless. He even prac-

tised in our room, looking into a mirror and lassoing the bed post over his shoulder. Will could do anything with a rope except throw it up in the air and climb it."

One trick, which probably not more than a dozen cattlemen have ever mastered, was to rope a running steer by its front feet Another was his famous *two-rope throw. Riding rapidly toward another* mounted cowboy, Will would throw two lariats in almost the same instant, whirling the left one around the horse's neck and the right around the rider. This spectacular trick was the "flash finish" with which he often closed his act.

In those days, before movies and radio, every city had its vaudeville theatres. The bill would include a variety of "turns", usually a singer or two, some dancers, comedians, a song-and-dance team, a juggler, always a troupe of acrobats, often a dramatic sketch, a trained animal act, and other specialties. The actors travelled the circuits from city to city. The big money and the fame were then in vaudeville, and Will wanted to break into it.

He was performing in a small theatre in Chicago when luck gave his act the twist it needed to catch the public fancy. While Will was doing his roping routine, a dog from the next act on the bill dashed out onto the stage Without thinking, Will threw his rope and caught the dog as it jumped the footlights. The catch brought a big laugh and loud applause.

"It gave me a tip," Will said. "Instead of trying to keep on with a single roping act, I decided they wanted to see me catch something." So Teddy, a beautiful little bay pony from the Mulhall ranch, joined the act. He was well reined and very quick at starting and stopping, as he had to be to work on small stages. He wore specially-made felt boots t avoid slipping on the wooden floors, and Will put

a solid few months training him for the new routine.

Success came quickly, as always with Will. Audiences liked the new act from the start. The orchestra would blare a fanfare as Will, wearing chaps, coloured shirt, and Stetson, entered on Teddy. Dismounting and slapping the pony affectionately to the wings, Will would go through his trick roping specialties in rhythm with the orchestra, ending with dancing over the rope to music. Then Teddy and a cowboy rider would dash from the wings, and before they were halfway across the stage, Will would rope the pony by all four feet. Other catches would follow, a three-rope catch, a nose catch a figure-eight, and a tail catch so difficult that Will had to practise it constantly.

The "Big Crinoline" was beautiful to watch. Mounted on Teddy, Will would circle a loop over his head, very small at first, gradually opening wider and wider until at last a full hundred feet of rope was slashing far out over the heads of the audience almost to the balconies. Then, as he let the heavy rope fall to the stage with a bang, he would give a cowboy whoop, whirl Teddy around, and dash off into the wings.

Within a few short weeks, Will was playing Hammerstein's Paradise Roof in New York in the "big time." Within a few months, he had climbed the peak of the vaudevillian's ambition and was playing before the crowned heads of Europe.

The first time Will ever talked on a stage might well have been the last Someone persuaded him to build up his Big Crinoline throw by saying a few words before he did it. So one night he stopped the orchestra and made the announcement. The audience began to laugh. Will was just naturally funny; something about his casual drawl and the way he twinkled a quizzical grin out from under his forelock just natur-

lly made people want to laugh. Will didn't realize this. He thought that the audience was jeering him, and he wanted to walk off the stage then and there. This man who was to bring the sunshine of laughter to millions of people was a long time accustoming himself to being laughed at. Actually, people laughed *with* Will rather than at him, and that was one secret of his appeal.

Will never considered himself an actor. He was an Oklahoma cowboy who happened to be in show business When in 1908 he married, he chose not an actress, but Betty Blake, the girl at home whom he had courted intermittently since she came to Oolagah to visit, years before Perfectly suited to each other, they lived, like the people in the fairy stories, "happily ever after" In Mrs Rogers' biography of Will, *Uncle Clem's Boy*, she tells how Will's final shift from roping to talking grew out of something which at first looked like a misfortune

He had tried the experiment of adding several people to his act, among them four girls who did trick riding and fancy roping, but the act lacked spark. Will had to do something about it. What he did was to lounge at the side of the stage and drawl a continuous line of chatter about the girls and their stunts. The show picked up. Soon he went back to his old single act, but he had found what his audiences wanted, and now he talked continually, rambling on about other actors on the bill and about the various tricks he was performing. The audiences loved it, and Will not only got used to being laughed at, but enjoyed it.

"Now folks," he would say as he picked up a new rope, "this is a pretty good stunt—if I can do it." When this shy-looking Westerner with his embarrassed grin and shock of unruly hair began to drawl along in his soft voice with the chuckle in his throat, audiences couldn't help turning up the corners

their mouths. "Now watch me get Teddy's three feet. There! I got'em all but one. Now see me get him by all four." Actually the four-feet catch was much easier than the three, but it looked harder and Will was learning the tricks of showmanship.

The gum-chewing that was Will's trademark entered the act by accident. Simply, he forgot to discard his gum one day when he came on the stage in a hurry. He started to talk around the wad, and people laughed He casually parked it on the proscenium arch, and they laughed still more. When the act ended, and he reached out and popped in back into his mouth, they roared. The gum stayed in the act, and became a standard prop. He didn't smoke, and it was difficult for him to be still; so when he wasn't jingling coins or tapping his foot, he was usually chewing on something, even off stage.

Will's father, who had disapproved of his son's tours with circuses and theatres when he ought to be making something of himself, was distrustful, even when Will was becoming famous. "Two hundred and fifty dollars a week!" he would say with a worried shake of the head. "Looks like something is wrong somewhere." Finally he went East to see "Willie" perform

"Uncle Clem attended every performance," Mrs. Rogers says, "and then he liked to stand around to listen to what the people had to say about the show as they came out of the theatre. If he heard anyone expressing a doubt about Will being a real cowboy, he immediately set him right. 'Sure he's a real cowboy,' he would say, 'and from Oklahoma, too —just like it says on the programme.' Then, making his identity known, he would add, "I'll introduce you to him if you want to meet him.' When Will came out of the stage door, his father always had a crowd waiting, and Will would have to shake hands all

around." Will had many triumphs, but none pleased him more than seeing his father proud of him.

In 1915 the Rogers were settled in Amityville, on Long Island. Three children, Bill, Mary, and Jimmy, had joined the family. A near neighbour was Fred Stone, a beloved actor of the time, who interested Will in polo, and both were members of a constant Sunday team. The Rogers children were taught the game as soon as they could sit their horses, and they made a strong family four "until Mary went social on us."

At that time the most glittering spot in New York was the New Amsterdam Roof, where, over late suppers, the guests watched Florenz Ziegfeld's *Midnight Frolics* Will's engagement there was the real turning point of his career

Ziegfeld also produced the *Follies* which bore his name, probably the most extravagant, spectacular, and overwhelmingly magnificent musical revues ever staged. Will joined the cast of the 1916 edition, and continued with the *Frolics* as well That meant two shows each night plus two *Follies* matinees weekly. The audiences were filled with "repeaters," who saw the *Follies*, and then went upstairs to see the *Frolics*. Also, since the *Frolics* was a night club, many people came again and again. Consequently, Will had to change his material with every show.

Up to this time, Will Rogers had been an actor, and a popular one. Now he began to lay the foundation for his real work. His place in history is not that of an actor, but a sage, a philosopher, even a sort of unofficial statesman, whose reputation is based on what he said and wrote. It all stemmed from this necessity for changing his routine.

No one could ever prepare in advance the vast amount of material which Will's schedule "bu-

up," as radio writers say of material which can be used only once So he had to ad-lib, talking about what came to him on the spur of the moment. But World War I was on, and the papers were bursting with news. What was more natural than that Will should talk about what was happening in world and national affairs ?

He would gambol out on the stage, flash his quizzical grin, shift his gum, and start, "Well, all I know is what I read in the papers." Then would come those homely, down-to-earth comments which were as topical as the newspaper which Will had just laid aside in his dressing room. Hilariously funny they were usually Always they were srtaight-shooting, pungent, and hard-hitting , gems of clear-cut, honest common sense, cutting like swords through the shams and the fog of words with which great issues are so often surrounded He had the rare knack of taking a whole complicated question and summing up the real nub in one keen sentence He made people laugh, but what was much more important he made them think.

Will was seldom seen without two or three newspapers sticking from his pockets, but as time went on, he got more and more of his news direct from the men who made it. He probably knew by their first names more of the great men and women of the world than did any other one person.

Many of these friendships had their beginnings in the *Midnight Frolics*. In this "intimate" show, the performers worked on the dance floor within arm's reach of the audience. When Will's quick eye spotted a celebrity, he would introduce him to the audience with a little good-natured ribbing. Afterward the celebrity would drop around to chat in Will's dressing room. Will was the friendly, homely sort to whom people just naturally talked,

and gradually he came to know what was behind the news.

One secret of Will's success was the complete relaxation of his stage presence He was exactly the same person on a stage or a platform as he was in his own living room, and he drawled along to the people out front as though they were his friends rather than on audience. His brand of fun was clean and friendly, and you went away from his performance warm and untroubled and relaxed and happy.

His first movie, filmed in New York in 1918, a Rex Beach story called *Laughing Bill Hyde.* It was shot in the mornings and afternoons while Will was working evenings in the *Follies* It was a silent picture, of course, but Will's friendly personality projected itself from the screen even without the help of words. Even so, his wit was't wasted, for he wrote the "subtitles" which served the silent films in place of dialogue.

Movies meant Hollywood, and the Rogers family became Californians. They loved the new life. Vaudeville was a roving business, and even the *Follies* went on tour every year. But now they could have a home, Will could get up early and be out-of-doors with his horses every morning, and often there were weeks of free time between films. "It's the grandest show business I know anything about," he said, and—adding that typical Will Rogers twist—"the only place where an actor can act and at the same time sit out in front and clap for himself."

It was inevitable that Will should do some writing. Even before he left New York some of his *Follies* comments had been published in two books: *The Peace Conference* and *Prohibition.* In California he had written the comments for a series,

the manner of a newsreel, called the *Illiterate Digest*. Now he began to turn out the weekly articles, setting forth his typical humorously pungent comments on world and national affairs, which in 1923 began to be syndicated in newspapers all over the country. Nobody ever ghosted for Will. He usually even did his own typing, in two-forefinger newspaperman's fashion. And he had an uncanny knack of making the sharpest digs without causing offence probably because everything he said was sincere and without malice.

"Somebody once gave him a license for free speech (or perhaps he took it without asking)", said the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "but at any rate, in the past few years he has probably turned over more heavy stones and thrown hot sunlight underneath than any man in the United States."

Most of us never see celebrities face to face. We see their likenesses on the screen, hear their voices on the radio, and read their words in print. Thanks to his lecturing, Will was probably seen and heard in person by more of us than was any other prominent man of recent times. "I'm getting tired of talking to Broadway," he told his New York audience in 1925. "I want to get away and talk to America." On this first tour he lectured a hundred and fifty-one nights, to packed houses everywhere. Next season he lectured even more, and he promised with a grin, "If your town's got a railroad and a hall, we'll be there sooner or later."

The reference to railroads was merely a figure of speech. Will generally flew. In 1915 a joy-hop seaplane at Atlantic City took him up for his first flight, and, thanks to a government permit to ride the mail planes, he was hopping about the country by air years before the first scheduled passenger air lines began operations. Everywhere he went he boosted air travel. All the famous pilots were his

close friends: Lindbergh, Frank Hawks, and closest of all, Wiley Post.

Will was always going somewhere. "Somewhere" was really "everywhere" In the last seven years of his life he travelled a half million miles by plane, and countless more on ocean liners, trains, and in automobiles. His trips took him all over the world, and he became a world citizen, known and welcomed in every capital. A casual comment which he cabled to the New York *Times* in 1926 resulted in his short "daily" which appeared on newspaper front pages everywhere, and his "dailies" bore date lines from London to Moscow, Calcutta to Cairo. He came to know intimately such men as Lloyd George, Poincare, and Mussolini, and many of his trips were in the nature of unofficial missions for his country. In fact, he came to be known, and not wholly in jest, as the "unofficial ambassador from the United States to the World."

As one of countless examples, when Dwight Morrow was made our ambassador to Mexico in 1927, relations between the two countries were tense. On Morrow's invitation Will went on an inspection tour of Mexico with President Calles and his official party. Morrow has said that Will's genial good-nature and practical common sense was largely responsible for the new friendship and understanding between us and our southern neighbour.

When commercial radio began to develop in the middle twenties, of course Will was in demand. He appeared on the air frequently, but he never liked it: he hated being tied to a microphone instead of wandering all over the stage, and he missed the feeling of communion with an "in-person" audience. He liked to have real people out in front, where he could score a point and see them as they nudged each other as if to say, "He hit the nail on the he[illegible] that time." However, he liked talking [illegible]

which then was flying on a regular schedule to Europe. But this plan was vague, and they were still undecided when the famous flyer, Wiley Post, turned up in Los Angeles. Recently returned from two record-breaking round-the-world flights, Post was about to set out on a survey flight for one of the air lines to map a route to Russia.

That afternoon Will and one of the cowboys at the ranch penned the calves and roped till suppertime. Then he took the late plane to join Post in Seattle. On Tuesday, June 8th, they took off on their leisurely flight up the coast of Canada. "Nothing that I have ever seen", read his daily from Juneau, "is more beautiful than this inland passage to Alaska"

From Anchorage, they flew serenely over Mt. McKinley, the highest peak on the North American continent. From Fairbanks, Will wired his daughter Mary.

"Great trip Wish you were along. How's your acting? You and mama wire me all the news to Nome Going to Point Barrow today. Furthest point of land on the whole American continent. Lots of love. Don't worry." Signed "Dad", it was exactly the homey sort of message *your* dad might send.

That was his last wire Fifty miles from Fairbanks the fog closed in. Post set the plane down on a little inlet to get directions from some Eskimo seal hunters Will waved, Wiley gunned the ship, and spray feathered back from the pontoons as the plane lifted. Suddenly its motor cut out. Post fought for control, but he just didn't have enough altitude, and the ship crashed on its back in the shallow water.

Will died as he would have wanted to die—on his way somewhere.

The world was stunned. Everybody felt as though he knew Will personally, and that his death was a personal grief Probably Herbert Hoover's words best sum up Will's contribution to American life. "His whimsicalities kept us nearer an even keel," he wrote. "They released public fear or anger by the safety valve of laughter. His was a great understanding of the backgrounds of public events . His wit was without malice. There were no bitter stings that men could not forgive. There were kindly jokes that made men and women feel better. When they turned to Will's message on page one of their newspapers every morning, they went to their sober tasks with cheerfulness and increased humility. His was a depth of patriotism that made him a great citizen."

There are many Rogers Memorials in stone and concrete, but Will's best memorial is written in his own words. Hands thrust deep in the pockets of *his rumpled jacket, stocky shoulders hunched forward*, grinning a warm grin through his forelock, graying a bit now, we can imagine him drawling :

"I have never met a man I didn't like. I am proud of that. I can hardly wait to die so it can be carved on my tombstone. When you come arund to my grave, you'll probably find me sitting there proudly reading it."



Oliver Wendell Holmes

A LIFE IN THE LAW

The day was Monday, January 11th, 1932.

On the stroke of noon, the nine Justices marched from the robing-room into the great marble court. They passed between crimson curtains and beneath

the marble busts of former Chief Justices, behind a screen, and so to the bench.

One of the Justices reached his seat only with difficulty. His ninety years, like the chains of a reluctant prisoner, hung heavy on him, weighting his feet and stooping his once-straight figure The respectful hand of Chief Justice Hughes helped the old man up the steps to the bench and guided him to his high-backed black leather chair.

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" The frock-coated crier intoned the time-honoured ritual "All persons having business before the honourable judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the Unites Stated and this honourable court"

The spectators seated themselves, and the ponderous machinery of the greatest court in the world began to turn. The oldest man who ever sat on the Supreme Court read one of the two opinions handed down that day. His voice was clear. His words were cogent as always, made luminous by the clear, white light of his unfailing logic.

That afternoon, as an attendant helped him into his overcoat, the old man said casually, "I won't be in tomorrow." Then he went home, to his red brick house on a Washington side street "Thus simply," said *Time*, "did a great jurist step down from the bench which his presence had graced, honoured, and liberalized for twenty-nine full and fruitful years"

President Hoover, moved to an unusual warmth, wrote to the retiring Justice · "No appreciation I could express would even feebly represent the gratitude of the American people for your whole life, wonderful public service, from the time you ... officer in the Civil War to this day ... I know



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like frames, meaningless without the pictures they enclose, let us paint a few quick strokes. In 1841 America was still primarily a rural country. Its people, less than a sixth as many as today, worked and tilled and traded close to the Atlantic seaboard. Chicago was a log village Pittsburgh was "Far West." Texas was an independent republic. The canary-coloured coaches of the Concord Stage rumbled and tossed for two whole days on the journey from Boston to New York The single-sheet letters they carried bore eighteen cents' postage, bought as often as not with the Spanish coins which still freely circulated. The friction match, eight years old, was beginning to replace flint and steel, but the supremacy of the quill pen was unchallenged, and the first bathtub was ten years in the future. Holmes' own grand-mother, Sarah Wendell, could remember being bundled off into the country when the British troops entered rebellious Boston and quartered a red-coated regiment in the Old South Church.

In 1841 the South was waxing fat on slavery. New England, where textiles were just beginning to replace whaling and shipping, waxed fat on another kind of slavery. Not long before, the children who worked in Almy and Brown's cotton mill—fourteen hours every day but Sunday—had received for their labours from thirty-three to sixty-seven cents a week. Where the labour laws of today prescribe minimum wages, the lowest sum which an employer may pay, Massachusetts' first labour statute set *maximum* wages, the highest sum which a worker might *ask* ! Holmes was to see great changes made, and was to lead in their making.

Nevertheless, it being the nature of man to consider his own little moment as the culmination of creation (our grandchildren will look back on *us* as primitive), Bostonians of 1841 looked upon their surroundings with a calm satisfaction. They

some reason to do so, for Boston's far-ranging Clipper ships kept the city in touch with the whole world and made it cosmopolitan, its fathering of American liberty gave it a glorious past; its capitalists made it the financial centre of the nation, a position which upstart New York did not usurp until long after Boston money had opened up the new West.

Intellectually, Boston was entering its golden age. Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Whittier walked its streets and hobnobbed with Holmes, Senior, at the Parker House Young Holmes was to the manner born, his blood the bluest of the blue, and his father—famous as the author of *Elsie Venner*, *The Chambered Nautilus*, and *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*—a recognized cultural leader of the community. In fact, the shadow of the elder Holmes' great name and the narrow traditions of the "Brahmin" aristocracy might easily have smothered young Holmes and held him in a life of genteel scholarship. But father Holmes shattered his own share of precedents, and Emerson's influence broke any shell which might have constricted the young man's eagerly-searching interests.

It was Emerson, a constant visitor at the Beacon Street house, who encouraged young Holmes' "enlightened skepticism." One night the lad told Emerson that he had begun to study Plato. "You should study Plato at arm's length," warned the sage. "Say to him 'You have been pleasing the world for two thousand years, see whether you can please *me*'."

Holmes took the advice to heart, and a year later brought to Emerson an essay on Plato. The essay was in a critical vein Emerson read it attentively.

"Yes," he said at length, "you have done very well. But you haven't killed Plato. When you shoot at a king, you must kill him!" Holmes, at the feet of such masters, learned what most men

never learn—to think, and to think all the way through.

Not all of Holmes' boyhood was lived on this high cultural level. He was strong and vigorous and full of spirit. The house on Beacon Street looked out over the Charles River, then a marsh-bordered arm of the sea, to Bunker Hill and the church spires of Cambridge. The son of a poet, Holmes appreciated *the beauty of the view, but he appreciated equally* the swimming and sailing and skating which the river afforded. Winter brought sleighing over the three hills of Boston and into the countryside beyond, and on the Common were the famous snowball fights. Fought with all the vigour of teeming boyhood, these snow battles between the polite and rowdy elements of the town were wars in miniature. Holmes was thin as a rail and built rather like one, a head taller than his fellows, and he could throw a snowball harder and farther than most. Most of the snowballs concealed stones, and the hand-to-hand climaxes of the battles brought out stout oak cudgels from under jackets. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table often had occasion to remark at the supper table on the black eyes and cut lips of his intellectual young son

Following outwardly the pattern of the young Boston aristocrat, Holmes prepared at Mr Dixwell's Latin School and entered Harvard College in the class of 1861. William James, destined to become a great philosopher, was his classmate and intimate friend. Emerson was his professor in philosophy

Education in the classical manner was carried on largely through the medium of conversation. Holmes' talk was then, as it always remained, scintillating to the point of inspiration True conversation is not the trivial recounting of trivial facts and experience but is rather the matching of mind against min the realm of ideas. Seventy years later,

Laski said of Holmes:

"The talk of Mr. Justice Holmes is a thing that few of us who have heard it can forget. Nothing is taken for granted, and everything is acceptable save the pompous and the rhetorical. It is swift, racy talk, never self-absorptive, always a little ironical, happy in the marshalling of ideas, rich in allusion... Talk with him is a lesson in the art of thinking. You *learn why you put a particular value upon a man or* book or idea and not a different value. And that vivid, restless mind plays around the whole scheme of discussion, eternally free, because it is eternally vigilant.

"Lord Haldane used to say that Mr. Justice Holmes was one of the three best talkers he had ever known. The Judge's talk is a co-operative examination of ideas, a hunt with you after an exciting quarry which lurks just over the horizon. There is never an assumption of superiority, never an unfair use of experience, always a willingness to accept the palpable hit."

As did our fathers and uncles in 1917, and many of our brothers in 1941, the graduates in Harvard's class of 1861 found their immediate futures settled for them. Holmes, class poet, wrote his verses during infantry training at Fort Independence. Two months after graduation, First Lieutenant Holmes marched in review through Washington with Company G, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers. Only five weeks later (for the threat of the Southern armies to Washington itself forbade the advantages of extended training) the Twentieth marched into battle.

During the night the regiment had crossed the placid Potomac, a few men at a time, in frail skiffs. Now, halfway up the steep slope of Ball's Bluff, the thin blue skirmish line was holding temporarily at

bay a victorious force of Virginians and Mississippians, rebels hot-headed and gallant. Holmes, twenty years old and undergoing his baptism of fire, stood beside his colonel. A spent ball caught him on the stomach, and he fell. Ordered to the rear, where he could have remained in comparative safety, he decided he was not badly hurt, and made his way back to the line There, almost as he raised his sword, a conical minie-ball smashed into him just above the heart.

The young lieutenant recovered consciousness as he lay in one of the skiffs, being carried across the exposed river under a murderous hail of fire from the heights. His wound, he thought, was mortal. Others in the boat were dead. Next to him a man groaned in agony. And yet in that "last moment" the irrepressible Holmes was able to chuckle to himself and think, "I suppose Sir Philip Sidney would say, 'Put that man ashore first' I think *I* will let events take their course."

Holmes was taken home to recover. His father noted that he was "a great pet in his character of a young hero with wounds in the heart, and receives visits *en grand seigneur*. I envy my white Othello, with a circle of young Desdemonas about him listening to the often-told story which they will have again."

The dashing young officer, always a lusty individual with a healthy zest for all of life, undoubtedly enjoyed his convalescence, but he rejoined his regiment as soon as he was fit to travel. At Antietam, after some hard campaigning, he was shot through the neck. At Fredericksburg, in 1863, part of his heel was torn away. He ended the war as an aide on the general staff, with the well-earned rank of Captain. His superiors granted him that crisp, understated tribute which means more to an army man than a row of ribbons and medals: "An

lent officer."

Snowfights on Boston Common and conversation at the Holmes' dinner table; the serene halls of Harvard College and the bloody battlefields of the Civil War—in this clash of ideas and the clash of arms Holmes' mind and character were forged.

A favourite American motto is "Do it now." Less common is "Think now—then do it," for we tend to reverence the man of action and to look down upon the thinker. Perhaps it is because, remembering Rodin's statue, we see the thinker as a pensive creature who sits eternally in bootless repose. Holmes was a thinker, but he did his thinking at full gallop.

Returned from the war, and after a good deal of soul-searching, Holmes decided upon the law as his life-work. Harvard Law School granted him his degree in 1866 He spent the next year in England, polishing his mind in contact with the greatest thinkers of that country, and returned to Boston to enter practice.

More accurately, he plunged into practice. So disinclined was he to take advantage of his social position or his father's wealth and eminent name, that he worked as violently as though he feared starvation. He taught in the Harvard Law School, acted as editor of the *American Law Review*, edited Kent's four-volume *Commentaries on American Law* with such industry and ability that the edition is still a classic, and practised actively in the firm of Shattuck, Holmes and Munroe.

The senior partner of this firm became an adviser to whom Holmes constantly turned Later he said: "I owe Mr. Shattuck more than I ever have owed to anyone else in the world, outside my immediate family. From the time when I was a student in his office until he died, he was my intimate friend. He

taught me unrepeatable lessons. To live while still young in daily contact with his sweeping, all-compelling force, his might of temperament, his swiftness, his insight, tact, and subtlety, was to receive an imprint never to be effaced. My education would have been but a thin and poor thing had I missed that great experience" A young man in the first few years of his career is fortunate to receive such guidance If, as did Holmes, he realizes the value of that guidance and follows it, he is not only fortunate but wise.

Even more fortunate than the Shattuck partnership was Holmes' marriage Fanny Dixwell, who became his wife in 1872, was as impatient as he with stuffy convention; she too loved good conversation, and possessed a rapier wit as flexible and flashing as his own. Both were full of fun and blessed with irresistible personal charm. They were equally at home presiding over august official receptions, and scampering hand-in-hand after fire-engines—their favourite mutual sport. She died in 1929 after fifty-seven years of a marriage which friends said had been like a honeymoon to the end.

Mrs. Holmes' avoidance of conventional Back Bay society provided exactly the atmosphere her brilliant husband needed for his work. In 1881 the publication of his great book *The Common Law* put its author in the front ranks of his profession This book brought out Holmes' belief that the law was not dead, drawing a false life from dead precedents, but that it should be based on experience, living and growing to meet the needs of man's changing conditions.

"It is revolting," he wrote, "to have no better reason for a rule of law than that it was so laid down in the time of Henry IV. It is still more revolting if the grounds upon which it was laid down have vanished long since, and the rule persists through blind

imitation of the past." In short, our law is more than just the servant of man. It is the servant of the man of today, who lives under it.

Holmes was forty-one when, in 1882, his State honoured him with an appointment to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts He served on the court for twenty years, the last three as Chief Justice.

Once in speaking of a colleague, he painted an unforgettable picture of the ideal Judge. "He was sitting in the old equity court room in the Court Square," Holmes wrote, "and I remember thinking at the time, as I still think, that he represented in the superlative degree my notion of the proper bearing and conduct of a judge. Distinguished in person, with the look of race in his countenance, he sat without a thought of self, without even the unconscious pride which seemed, nay, was his right, renely absorbed in the problems of the matter at ; impersonal yet human, the living image of Justice, weighing as if the elements in the balance were dead matter, but discerning and collecting those elements by the help of a noble and tender heart." In describing a friend, he had unwittingly described himself

In our own minds, we usually picture Holmes as he appeared in his later years in Washington. We see a very tall, very lean man whose keen blue eyes flash and twinkle from under bushy white brows; his hair is thick and white above a high forehead, and his long, rather thin, ruddy face is set off with a pair of jauntily flowing white moustaches. We seldom realize that his service on the United States Supreme Court began at a time of life when most men, full of years and honours, are laying down their loads.

Holmes was sixty-one years old when, in 1902, Theodore Roosevelt called him to Washington. In

his farewell to the members of the Boston Bar, Holmes showed how highly he valued the honour. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is a great adventure, and that thought brings the hush one used to feel when awaiting the beginning of a battle ..We will not falter."

The Constitutional Congress established our government in three branches. Congress, the legislative branch, makes the laws, the President, the executive, enforces them ; and the Supreme Court, the judicial branch, is charged with the duty of seeing that the laws are made fairly and carried out equitably. The Court settles disputes and prevents excesses It represents the whole people, protecting minorities against majorities, executives from legislators, and law-makers from executive tyranny. It protects the people from themselves, when necessary, by forcing them to make the great changes only after deep consideration, rather than in the rage or whim of the moment. There is no greater tribunal in the world, and in the long view there is no stronger bulwark to the freedom of the common man. Perhaps more deeply than anyone since John Marshall, Holmes recognized the solemn responsibility which rests upon the black-robed shoulders of the nine Justices

Theodore Roosevelt was the New Dealer of his day. Some of his cherished reforms the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional by the heartbreakingly close margin of five Justices to four. He would have been less than human, when a vacancy on the Court appeared, had he not seized the opportunity to appoint a new Justice whose views matched his own. And so, in a letter discussing the appointment, he admitted, "Judge Holmes' mental attitude is such that I should naturally expect him to be in favour of those principles which I so earnestly believe."

A few short months later Roosevelt bitterly regretted his choice, for, in the celebrated Northern Securities case, Holmes voted with the conservatives. Roosevelt had misread his man. Holmes *was* liberal. But he was not *a* liberal, and in that distinction is the essence of the Justice's nobly independent character.

No one ever pinned a label on Holmes. True, his decisions on the whole leaned to the side of the people. But he held that property, too, had certain rights, the maintenance of which was vital to the interests of the people themselves, and when these rights were attacked, he defended them. The Court existed, in his view, for the interpretation of the Constitution, and not for the expression of emotion, of social theories, or of political practices. Right was right, and wrong was wrong, and Holmes held to his course unswervingly, disregarding all pressures.

Year in and year out, Holmes defended freedom of thought and speech "Not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought we hate." He was a staunch believer in the right of the various States to experiment in their own ways, even though he personally might think certain experiments unwise "The ultimate good," he once argued, "is best reached by *free trade in ideas*."

This view was not always the popular one, and Holmes, who often voiced the minority opinion, became known as the Great Dissenter. Actually, he disagreed with the majority of the Court in only a tenth of the cases heard, but his dissents were so strikingly reasoned and powerfully phrased that they attracted wide notice

As a matter of fact, most of Holmes' *Opinions* belong as much to literature as to law. Every word is "right." For vigour, zest, lucid clarity, and effort-

less grace, the style is probably unequalled in the country today. Some of his writings have been quoted already in this article. Here are a few random sentences which have become famous:

"Every calling is great when greatly pursued."

"The man of action has the present, but the thinker controls the future."

"Man must face the loneliness of original work."

"Free competition is worth more to society than it costs"

"We are all fighting to make the kind of a world that we should like. Others will fight and die to make a different world with equal sincerity and belief"

"The Constitution is an experiment, as all life is an experiment"

"To think great thoughts you must be heroes"

The quantity and range of Holmes' reading was incredible. When a man reads avidly every day for eighty-odd years, he covers much ground. And his literary tastes were all-inclusive. He read the Greeks and Romans in the original, and balanced them with, also in the original, the most frivolous of the French novels. Though he absorbed the literature of Dante (a particular favourite), Rabelais, Shakespeare, Montesquieu, and Darwin, he vastly enjoyed detective stories and could quote at length from *Nize Baby*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* Like a marksman notching his gun, he listed all the books he read, seeming to feel that he had not finished a book until he had set down the title and author and a concise comment or two.

The Supreme Court seems a very solemn and ponderous place. True, the Justices realize the dignity of their proceedings and m[illegible]

august appearance, but the inner atmosphere is not always oppressive. For example, a certain Justice was a wispy little shred of a man. His son, a lawyer, argued a case before the Court The son was a towering, broad-shouldered six-footer, and down the long line of solemn Justices passed this scribbled note from Holmes : "He's a block off the old chip !"

Each year a young Harvard Law School man, selected from the cream of the honour graduates, joined Holmes as his secretary. That year was an education in living as well as in the law, and the young men who enjoyed it were automatically launched on the road to success. The relationship was not that of master and man, but one of bantering friendship. Holmes liked young people, for he himself was incorrigibly young, and they loved him in return. He gave them of his best, and treated [illegible] as equals.

That insistence on equality is a mark of the true [illegible], and Holmes conducted himself no differently in the company of a crossing-tender than with an ambassador. In fact, the watchman at the rail-road crossing near his summer home on Massachusetts' North Shore regarded Holmes not as a celebrity, but as a friend whom he had been extraordinarily lucky to know. "The Justice was interested in Rex, my dog," the watchman said. "He always asked about Rex's health and habits. Wanted to know whether Rex could tell from the whistle which way the train was coming " Holmes' North Shore neighbours looked upon him as a native, and those place-proud New Englanders could have paid his humanity no higher compliment.

The ninetieth birthday of the Justice was an international occasion. Tributes poured in such as seldom come to any man during his lifetime. The law reviews of three Universities dedicated whole issues to him. Over a nation-wide radio hookup

Chief Justice Hughes, one of the many eminent speakers, said:

"The most beautiful and the rarest thing in the world is a complete human life, unmarred, unified by intelligent purpose and uninterrupted accomplishment, blessed by great talent employed in the worthiest activities, with a deserved fame never dimmed and always growing. Such a rarely beautiful life is that of Mr. Justice Holmes. .."

Holmes had consistently refused to "legislate from the bench," holding that the function of the judge was to interpret the law as it stood, rather than, by means of tricky or tortured constructions, to make new law. Nevertheless, Hughes went on to say, the very power of Holmes' thought had brought new law into being

"What is the secret?" Hughes inquired, and answered, "An arresting style, which gives point and finish to decision; a pungent wit, which is above the law; the broad vision of a philosopher, a sense of reality, an instinct for leadership, a capacity for making the old serve the new .More modern than the modernist, for he knows what is not modern, truer to the old than many a conservative, for he is more likely to know how the old became such and what in it is worth conserving"

Then the aloof and unemotional Hughes broke his cherished reserve to conclude, "We honour him, but what is more, we love him. We give him tonight the homage of our hearts"

At the advanced age of ninety-one, his old body failing at last, but his young mind still at the very height of its powers, Justice Holmes retired from the bench. Three years later, in 1935, he died. American as the granite and pine trees of his native Massachusetts, he left most of his estate, very simply. the United States."

To the people of the United States, he left a greater heritage. He left younger men trained to carry on in the Holmes tradition of true freedom. He left great thoughts to inspire and lead free men for a century to come. But greatest of all, to us who must live and be governed in a changing world, he left the conception of the law as a living thing.

Here, in Mr. Justice Holmes' own thrilling words, is his epitaph: "I have always thought that not place or power or popularity makes the success that one desires—but the trembling hope that one has come near an ideal."